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**Edward Denton Brewer**

*“——on his way to bore you with this family history.”*



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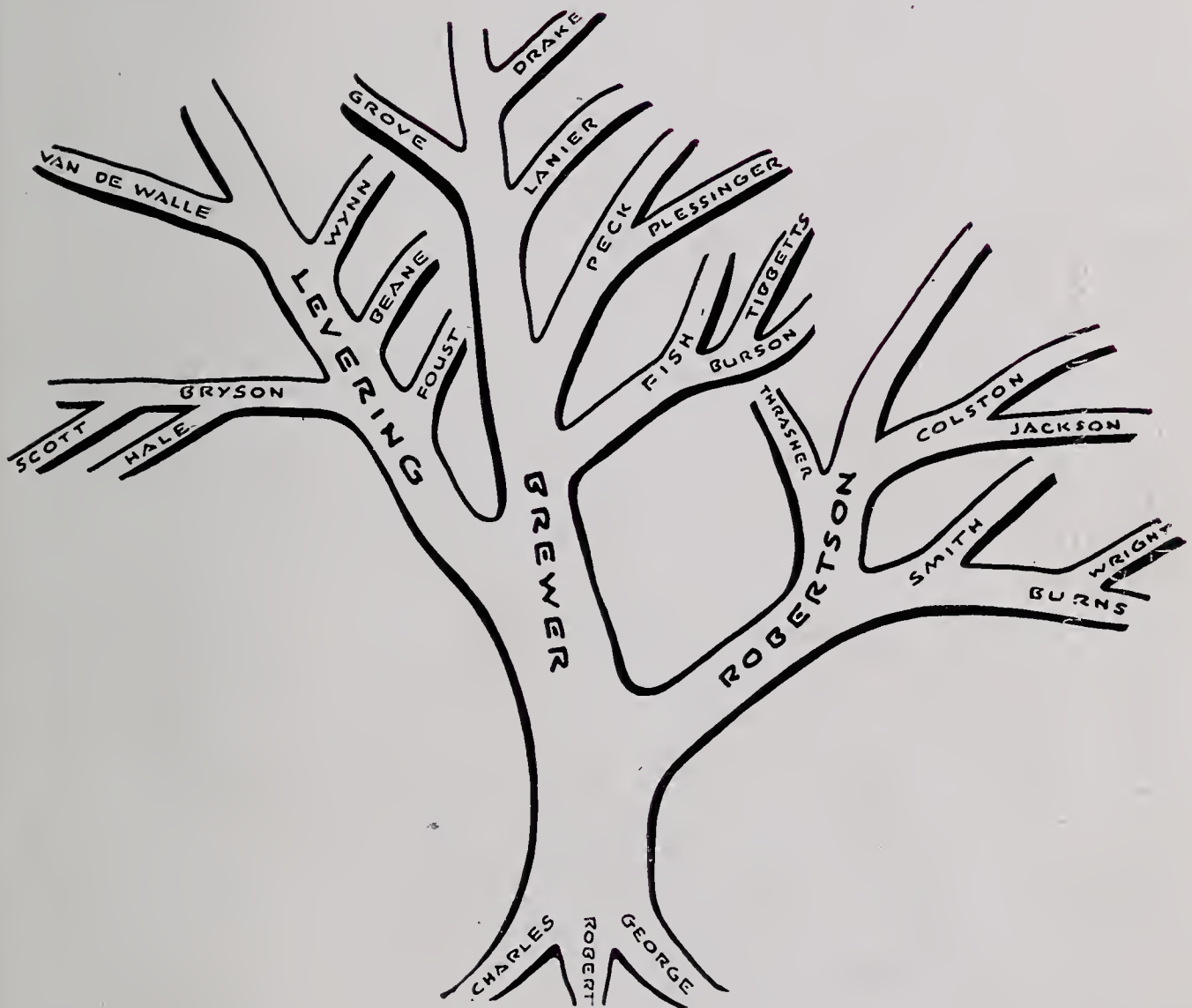
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# The House of Brewer



By

EDWARD DENTON BREWER

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

## DEDICATION

My work in compiling this volume was inspired by my conviction that there is moral strength in knowing the facts of ones ancestry. Pride of origin adds confidence and character to any man and contributes materially to the total of qualities that make for usefulness and success. If, my sons and your posterity, I can gain your attention long enough for you to appreciate the hardihood, resolution and sheer determination of our simple but inspired old pioneer fathers and mothers,—who, with scarcely more than their bare hands, conquered the ocean and subdued the wild Savages—who climbed the mountains, bridged the rivers and rolled back the forests to make room for the Land of Freedom,—whose sons and daughters, following in their footsteps, hewed out and set the framework for the glorious structure of our Republic;—if you learn by whose hand these things have been achieved,—if you take pride in having in your veins the blood of these Ancestors whose toil and sacrifice built this Nation—if by these I can make you love your Country more, or, by greater sacrifice and devotion, serve it with greater selflessness, I shall be repaid.

To this purpose and to my three sons :

George Edward Brewer

Robert Levering Brewer

Charles Denton Brewer

and their posterity, I humbly dedicate this book.

*Edward Denton Brewer*

## INTRODUCTION

**1164641**

I acknowledge my indebtedness to our stout kinsman, Colonel John Levering, of Lafayette, Indiana, whose labors in compiling that excellent work, "The Levering Family", in 1897, served me so well with authentic and understandable data about many of the older generations. Without it, I would have been helpless to make a start.

Though his history of Leverings goes far beyond the pioneer days in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, I have been unable to trace the Pecks or Fishes beyond those years. Indeed, it is only by his references to these (to him, collateral) branches of our lineage that I was able to find the place to search for them. Too much time has passed—too much decay of history and legend—too much indifference to the Romance of the Early Days—so you must be satisfied with the little that can now be found.

The Brewers, though generally considered to be English, are Norman-Flemish in origin, having come originally from La Bruviere, near Bethune in ancient Flanders. The first Brewer to England was Drogo de Bruviere, who came with William the Conqueror and whose name appears on Battle Abbey Roll. Important in British history is Baron William Brewer, named in Greens Short History of The English People as legal adviser to King Henry III, who advised the King to sign the confirmation of Magna Charta. He is mentioned in the Dictionary of National Biography in a favorable sketch.

Henry Brewer, of Bedford County, Pa., I am convinced, was the son of George Brewer and was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, though possibly for many years before coming to Pennsylvania, he had not made his home near his birthplace. He kept title to his land, however, and sold it in 1772 to James Wall just before, in 1773, he bought



land in Pennsylvania. George was a Mason, as was Henry also and the Walls were either related to them or old family friends, for we find John Wall, probably James' brother, also an emigrant from Virginia, signing Henry's Will as a witness in Pennsylvania, twenty-seven years later.\* In 1743, (Book 2, P. 406, Brunswick Co. records,) as John Wall Jr., he had witnessed a deed in which George Brewer was grantee.

The Will of Henry Brewer, made in 1799, obviously on his death bed, is so identical with that of George Brewer, made fifty-eight years before and two hundred miles or more to the southward, that I am forced to conclude that Henry Brewer actually had a copy of his father's Will, from which the preamble was copied verbatim and that the few differences of a word or two are merely due to faulty copying. Can you compare these two Wills and come to any other conclusion?

"In the name of God, Amen, the 13th day of July, 1741, I, George Brewer, in the County of Brunswick, Virginia, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God therefor, calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament, that is to say principally and first of all

"In the name of God, Amen, (this fourteenth day of February, 1799) I, Henry Brewer of Bethel Township, County of Bedford and State of Pennsylvania, being very feeble and weak of body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God, calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this, My Last Will

---

\*There was another Henry Brewer whose will was probated in Brunswick County in 1804—Will book 7, page 18,—who confused me greatly but I have identified him as the son of Jesse Brewer mentioned in Jesse's will—Book 6, Page 283.

There was also Henry Brewer whose wife was Cinthia (not Christiana) who executed a deed to Arthur Emmason—Book 11, Page 362,—but I found where he had gotten the land conveyed from John Brewer—270 acres—for "5 shillings and love and affection" so I conclude he is John's son and not our Henry who is George's son.



I give and recommend my soul into the hands of God that gave it and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in a decent Christian burial at the discretion of my Exor, not doubting but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Mighty Power of God and as touching such worldly Estate wherewith it hath pleased Almighty God to vest me in this life, I give, demise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form \* \* \*”—(Book 2 p. 91 Brunswick Co., Va., records.)

and Testament, that is to say principally and first of all, I give and recommend my Soul into the hand of Almighty God that gave it and my Body I recommend to the earth to be buried in decent Christian burial at the discretion of my Executors hereinafter mentioned, nothing doubting but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the Mighty Power of God, and as touching such worldly Estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this life, I give, demise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form \* \* \*”— (Book 1, p. 25 Bedford Co., Pa., records.)

Henry's Will was probated March 5, 1799. Considering that the county seat was fifty miles away and that a proper period elapsed between death and probate, Henry must have truly been on his deathbed when he executed it.

The similarity of family first names, the Masonic connection, the amazing similarity of George's and Henry's Wills, the friendship with the Wall family, the coincidence of dates of sale of Virginia land and buying Pennsylvania land, the chronological fitness of Henry's generation with George's in Virginia, the historical fact that Western Pennsylvania was settled principally by Virginia backwoodsmen and the tradition that Henry was a "Long Hunter" who came up from the South, all join to convince me that, in this, I can not be wrong. Beyond George, the already well established genealogy of the family, as set out in the Compendium of American Genealogy, is too clear for dispute.

For my account of the Robertsons, I was obliged to be content with the information that could be supplied by George and Sallie Robertson, of Pottsville, Arkansas, whose excellent memories of things of long ago have enabled me to give a fair account of their ancestry and personal history

without the aid of any writing or record, except that which they themselves had made. Of the years before their memories begin, we can only resort to the histories of the places where their forbears lived and speculate that their lives were in step with the times and their histories very like those of the places. They are first found as families at Social Circle, Georgia.

The seventh generation of the Brewers, the Pecks, and the fifth generation of the Leverings are first found intermarried, in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, near Needmore, between Cumberland, Maryland and McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, on the eastern slope of Sidelinghill Mountain. Their histories are very similar for they intermarried many times, in the years between the Revolution and the settlement of Ohio, in the 1800's.

The Leverings' and Brewers' established genealogies go back several generations further and live, in tradition and romance, several centuries earlier than that.

The Fishes were English and came from Loudoun County, Virginia, direct to Ohio. Further back we have no record, but tradition relates that they earlier lived in Maryland.

Old Conrad Peck I and Old Henry Brewer I, in tradition, comrades in the Indian Wars, came up the Tonoloway in search of new lands to clear and conquer, and settled down to found the Bedford County dynasty, even before the Revolution. They were Indian fighters——Long Hunters——men of buckskin clothes and coon-tailed caps——men whose hands knew not the pen but to whose forest skill the trails of the Indians and wild animals were an open book.

The descendants of these families are the principal subject of this book, but, of necessity, I have been confined to those lineally related to us, for, if it were otherwise, this volume must have been swelled to a five foot shelf.

From this fountain head, in the Land of the Juniata, have come half a dozen or more prolific and foot-free gen-



erations, to whose pioneering souls the valleys, mountains and ocean sands of the Great West have been a perpetual lodestone that forever drew them on. Their names are written on the rolls of honored pioneers of every State west of the Alleghenies and their bones are scattered on every battlefield and ocean deep where men at arms have raised the Stars and Stripes. I could not trace them all if every power in the land were at my control.

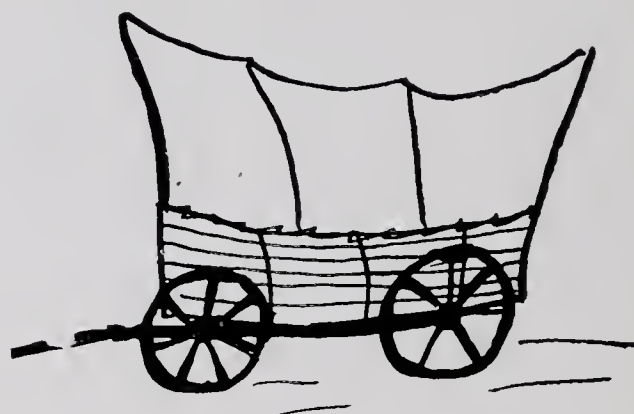
Now, turn to the Master Family Tree in the front of this book and study the relationships of the various families of which we are a part.

Take, for instance, the family of George Brewer, born in 1670. He had ten children by his first wife and about six by his second wife whom I did not name. His son, Henry, had ten children and if all Henry's brothers and sisters had had ten children, there would be 160 children in the second generation after George. If the next generation had ten children each, as the one son, John, did, there would be 1,600 children. If the next generation had only five children each (William actually had eight), there would be 8,000 in the fourth generation. If the next generation had only five children each (Denton actually had five), there would be 40,000 in the fifth generation. If each of them had five children (my father, Lloyd, did have five), there would be 200,000 children in my generation, the sixth.

If George had had four brothers and sisters (and he probably had more), my generation runs up to 1,000,000. If John III had four brothers and sisters, it runs up to 5,000,000. If John II had had four brothers and sisters (and he did have for we have their names listed), there are 25,000,000. If John I of Brewer's Neck, had four brothers and sisters, we have 125,000,000 persons in my generation, all equally related to me and every one of them direct descendants of Thomas Brewer of London and his wife, Miss Drake. I have only three children, but if all the others of my

generation had three children also, you would have 375,000,000 relatives exclusively in your own generation.

I repeat, I cannot trace them all and there is probably not enough paper in the world to write all their histories.





## HOW TO USE THE BOOK

Principal families are designated by the family initial. Individuals are designated by a number following the initial that fixes the genealogical order of the individual. If he had children, you may find them by observing the letter and number placed at the lower right of his personal history and turning to that number elsewhere in the book, where you will find his children named in order of birth. Where a family of children is set out and only our lineal ancestor is to be treated, his name is printed in heavier type and will be followed by his personal history in the next paragraph.

Each family subdivision is preceded by a "Family Tree" or diagram indicating the ancestry of the individuals to be treated.

Personal histories are, of necessity, rather brief——partly because, in many cases, facts are few, and partly because space is limited.

The Family Story, which augments these brief histories, will help you to know these Old Timers more intimately. It is a mixture of fact, tradition and romance of our people and of the early settlement of Our Country. I hope that you will read it, not as a history firmly fixed in fact, but as the character sketches and life stories of some old people, whom, through these researches, I have come to know, respect and love as I had never thought I could.

On my side, I have done research on the Leverings, Brewers, Pecks, Fishes and Brysons.

On your Mother's side, are the Robertsons, Colstons, Burns and Smiths.

At all times you should keep checking back to the Master Tree in the front of the book.

## CHAPTER I

### The Leverings

One name is as good as another to start with, so let us commence with the Leverings.

Tradition and early records indicate that the Levering family derived its name from the ancient town of Leverington, near Ely in Cambridgeshire, England, where the earliest traces of the family name have been uncovered.

Following are extracts from "THE LEVERING FAMILY", by Colonel John Levering of Lafayette, Indiana, Copyright 1897.

**"JOHN DE LEVERYNG:** born about the year A. D. 1250, at Leverington, in Cambridgeshire, England, and it is believed that he lived and died in that ancient town, which was so named in the year A. D. 870. Nothing is known of his family, except of his son named Robert.

**ROBERT,** son of John de Leveryng; born about the year A. D. 1280, at Leverington, England. We learn by records in the archives of the Episcopal Palace at Ely, in Cambridgeshire, England, that Robert, "in the eighth year of the reign of Edward II" (A. D. 1316), became a lessee of the Wisbech Barton Manor. I assume that his father may have been thirty years the senior of Robert, and the latter probably thirty-six years of age when he became an independent land-holder, as the young men of that period were not so precocious in marriage and business management as in modern times. Nothing is known of his family. \* \* \* A search, which I caused to be made in the muniment rooms of the Episcopal Palace at Ely, in April, 1893, discovered the name of Robert, son of John de Leveryng, as tenant of the Wisbech Barton Manor, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward II, of England: say 1316. The hyphenated name, suggests John of Levering-ton, after the manner of acquiring family surnames, subsequent to the Norman conquest, and this definition suggests origin of family name. \* \* \*

A statute, passed in 1593, made Puritanism an offense against the laws, and placed the punishment of the dissenters into the hands of the common law judges. This drove many to expatriation. This implies individual expatriations; but the most noted migration was that of the Scrooby band, or congregation of Separatists, or Independents, from the north of Nottinghamshire, in



1608. Scrooby was within walking distance of Leverington, and I am persuaded that a Levering — probably the father of Rosier — was of that band. \* \* \*

It is known that when the Scrooby Independents, under the lead of Rev. John Robinson and Elder William Brewster, left their home in a body in 1608, they went first to Amsterdam, in Holland. While there, as sojourners, they determined to remove to the city of Leyden, which contained, perhaps, one hundred thousand inhabitants; a city of religious indulgence, and known as a seat of learning; the University, established in 1574, being regarded as in advance of most scholastic institutions on the continent. It is known that one hundred and two of the congregation, under the lead of Elder Brewster, Miles Standish and William Bradford — who subsequently became Governor of the Plymouth Colony — after several adverse efforts, set sail in the Mayflower at Delft Haven (fourteen miles from Leyden), to which place the congregation had accompanied them, and they became the Pilgrim Settlers of New England in America. \* \* \*

Wigard Levering, brother of Gerhard, in his family register, in his still preserved Bible, written after his immigration to America, in 1685, stated:

'I, **WIGARD LEVERING**, was born in Germany, in the Principality of Westphalia, in the District of Munster, and town of Gemen. My father's name was Rosier Levering, and my mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Van de Walle, who was born in Wesel. In the twenty-third year of my age, I, Wigard Levering, was married to my beloved wife, Magdalena Boker. Her father's name was William Boker, and her mother's maiden name was Sidonia Williams Braviers, of the city of Leyden, in Holland. The above said Magdalena, my wife, was also born in Leyden.' \* \* \*

1. **ROSIER LEVERING**;<sup>1</sup> was born in the early years of the seventeenth century. He is the known progenitor of the Levering family in America, hence I designate him as the zero, or benchmark, from which to grade succeeding generations descending from him. It is believed that he was born in Holland, of ancient English or Anglo-Saxon parentage; exiled, because of persecution for their religious principles. He married Elizabeth Van de Walle, of Wesel, in Westphalia, in Germany, near to the frontier of Holland. They settled in the same district, at Gemen, where several children were born to them, between the years 1648 and 1662. Tradition, preserved by the remnant of the family at Gemen, says they occupied the old Levering homestead in that town, and that they died there. \* \* \*"

Wigard and Gerhard Levering, as shown in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia", had been naturalized "on the 7th of the 3d month, (May) 1691, by Thomas Lloyd, being

Deputy Governor". The record shows: "They having solemnly promised faith and allegiance to William and Mary, and fidelity and lawful obedience to William Penn, as Proprietary, it is declared and granted to them to be henceforth, Freemen in Law".

We really begin with Rosier Levering, though we have set out the names of Robert and John, after whom there is a lapse of years before Rosier appears in Gemen, Holland. Then the line holds for more than 300 years——Rosier——Gerhard (the immigrant to America)——Daniel——Henry——William (the emigrant to Ohio)——David——Elmira——and we're down to me and you.

I have made a little sketch, or Family Tree, to fix the characters in your minds, but, to avoid complexity, have broken it off at your Grandmother, Elmira Levering's generation. Afterward, we will take her brothers' and sisters' descendants separately. We will take up her descendants when we get around to the Brewers, for, you know, they are all Brewers.

*Genealogy Table of Leverings on Page 15*

L-1 **John de Leveryng**, born 1250 at Leverington, Cambridgeshire England. Lived and died there. (L-2)

CHILDREN OF (L-1) JOHN DE LEVERYNG AND \_\_\_\_\_  
(**ROBERT**)

L-2 **Robert**, born 1280 at Leverington, Cambridgeshire England.

Here, in the 14th Century, we lose the chain of ancestry. These were turbulent years of war and social upheaval. Magna Charta was only lately born and was rising on wobbly legs to father the whole English philosophy of Individual Freedom. Kings and Barons fought for power and wealth——The Crusades came and went——The Renaissance flowered and new concepts of religion and thought swept over the land. That the Leverings were a part



## GENEALOGY

(L-1)

John  
de Leveryng  
1250-

(L-2)

Robert  
de Leveryng  
1280-

Here appears a break of 300 years until we meet our Leverings again in Holland in the early 1600's.

(L-3)

Rosier  
Levering  
1615-Elizabeth  
Van de Walle

(L-4)

Gerhard  
Levering  
1670-17\_\_

Mary

(L-5)

Daniel  
Levering  
1704-1776Margaret  
Beane

(L-6)

Henry  
Levering  
1738-1810Ann  
Wynn

(L-8)

William  
Levering  
1780-1864Ruth  
Bryson

(L-9)

David  
Levering  
1815-1899Sarah  
Foust

(L-12)

Elmira  
Levering  
1860-1938

(L-13)

Fernando W.  
Levering  
1863-1909

(L-14)

Fidela  
Levering  
1865-1944

(L-15)

Chester W.  
Levering  
1867-1942

of all these mighty movements, there is no doubt, though writings and history are barren of the name. And finally, from Scrooby, near Leverington, possibly the latter 1500's, a band of exiled religious dissenters, including, I am convinced, some of the Leverings, fled to the Continent to escape the persecution of both the Church and the State.

We pick up the chain of Leverings again in Holland in the 1600's in the nameless father of Rosier and Rosier's children, of whom Gerhard is our known progenitor and our original Emigrant to America.

- L-3 **Rosier Levering**, born 1615 in Holland. His father was a Separatist and a fugitive from religious persecution in England. Married Elizabeth Van De Walle of Wesel, Westphalia, daughter of Jacob Van de Walle. Lived at Gemen, Holland, now Germany. (L-4)

CHILDREN OF (L-3) ROSIER LEVERING AND ELIZABETH VAN DE WALLE

(John Wigard, Eberhard, Elizabeth, Alche, William, **GERHARD** and an unnamed daughter.)

- L-4 **Gerhard**, born about 1670 in Gemen. Emigrated to Philadelphia in 1685. Later married Mary \_\_\_\_\_ in Pennsylvania. Died, Whitpain Twp., Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania some time after 1731. (L-5)

CHILDREN OF (L-4) GERHARD LEVERING AND MARY

(Abraham, Henry, Jacob, **DANIEL** and Magdalena)

- L-5 **Daniel**, born Dec. 2, 1704, in Roxb. In archives of Christ's Church, Phila., is preserved a Marriage Register, which shows: "May 12, 1735, Daniel Levering and Margaret Beane. 12 Sh. pd.," i.e., fee, 12 shillings.

Daniel occupied and cultivated his 100 acres of land in Whitpain Township, now in Montgomery County, and died there on June 12, 1776. His widow followed him on Jan. 9, 1778. They were buried at Boehm Church. His Will, dated March 11, 1776, was probated in Philadelphia, July 6, 1776.

(L-6)

CHILDREN OF (L-5) DANIEL LEVERING AND MARGARET BEANE

(James, **HENRY**, Mary, Rebecca, Jonathan, Jerusha, Sebiah, Margaret and Daniel)

- L-6 **Henry**, born June 19, 1738, in Whitpain. Married Ann Wynn, Pontius Wynn's daughter, born March 11, 1744. They resided at Durham Iron Works, on the Delaware River in



New Jersey, until 1785, when they removed to a large farm situated in Belfast Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where he died August 26, 1810, and she January 4, 1822. They were buried in family grounds upon their own premises. (L-7)

✓ CHILDREN OF (L-6) HENRY LEVERING AND ANN WYNN (Margaret, Daniel, Elizabeth, John, **MARY**, Sarah, Israel, Henry, Ann, **WILLIAM**, Aholabamah, Susannah, Paul and Rebecca) *cap*

L-7 **Mary**, born June 15, 1771 in New Jersey, removed with the family to Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where, on November 29, 1787, she married John Brewer, who died in 1810. She married second to Samuel Graves, of Bedford County. He also died. She survived, and died October 15, 1831 in Morrow County, Ohio. (B-9)

L-8 **William**, born May 19, 1780 in New Jersey, removed with his parents, in 1785, to Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where, on November 2, 1802, he married Ruth Bryson, who was born February 11, 1780, at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. (L-9)

In October, 1810, William, with others, visited the Ohio country, and "entered" a large area of land for future home; returning to Pennsylvania, where he was detained, because of the death of his father, until the year 1816, when he removed with his family to occupy the land, which is a part of the extensive map of fine farms now known as the Owl Creek Valley, largely owned by Leverings and their family connections. Mrs. Levering died in July, 1855. He survived until September 4, 1864. They were interred in the Levering Cemetery, Knox County, Ohio. An interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Levering by his grandson, Hon. Allen Levering, of Mt. Gilead, Ohio may be found in the volume entitled "Levering Family Reunion" of August 6, 1891.

"While attending the family reunion, in August, 1891, I called upon this family. (Milton, 124, son of William.) They occupied a comfortable, two-storied brick house, which was built in the year 1823, by the father of Milton. (William, 41.) While enjoying the visit, my mind reverted to my small-boy days, when numerous emigrant wagons used to start out from Philadelphia, toward the West. We used to watch them with much concern, and remark of them — "going to the backwoods of Ohio" — which seemed to us so remote that we would never more hear of them; nor did we suppose there were LEVERINGS at that time occupying brick farm houses in the supposed "backwoods" built before I was born." (The Levering Family, 1897.)

### CHILDREN OF (L-8) WILLIAM LEVERING AND RUTH BRYSON

(Archibald, Allen, Morgan, Morris, Nelson, **DAVID**, Nancy, Milton and Mary)

- L-9 **David**, born August 20, 1815, in Pennsylvania; was brought to Ohio by his parents in infancy; married March 13, 1850, to Sarah Foust, who was born August 27, 1825, in Baltimore County, Maryland, and was brought by her parents, Daniel Foust and Louisa Rorbaught, in 1837, to Ohio. She died March 28, 1893, at their home at Woodview, Morrow County, Ohio. He died January 20, 1899. Both buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (L-10)

### CHILDREN OF (L-9) DAVID LEVERING AND SARAH FOUST

(**ELLEN, HERMA, ELMIRA, FERNANDO W., FIDELA AND CHESTER W.**)

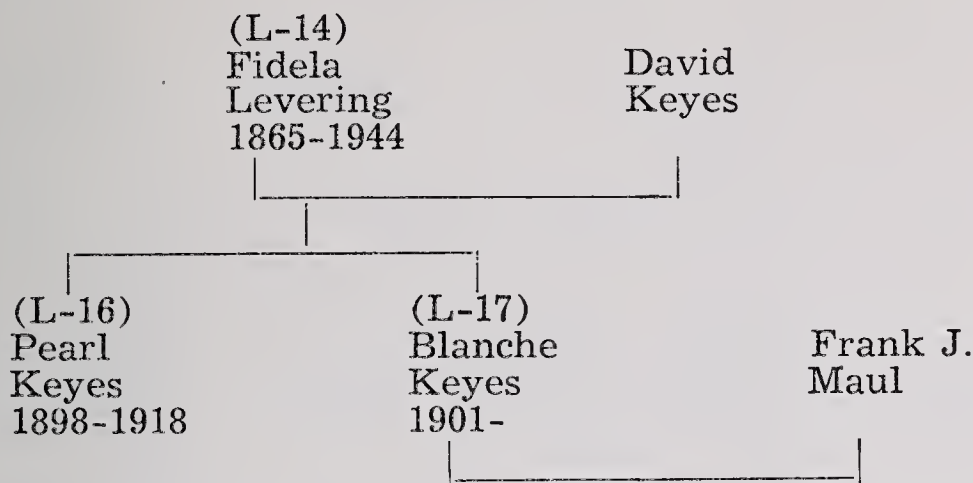
- L-10 **Ellen**, born April 5, 1851. Died March 4, 1858.
- L-11 **Herma**, born October 23, 1856; unmarried. Resided Woodview, Ohio, where she died May 15, 1897.
- L-12 **Elmira**, born August 26, 1860; married December 24, 1890, to Henry Lloyd Brewer. Died January 13, 1938, at North Woodbury, Ohio. He died September 30, 1927, at North Woodbury, Ohio. Both buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (B-25)
- L-13 **Fernando W.**, born February 18, 1863; married February 4, 1891, to Laura B. Stoughten. He died August 15, 1909, buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. No children.
- L-14 **Fidela**, born April 4, 1865; married June 9, 1897, to David Keyes, of Woodview, Ohio, who was the son of Andrew Keyes, of Levering, Ohio. She died June 18, 1944. Buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (L-16)
- L-15 **Chester W.**, born April 12, 1867. Family residence, Woodview, Morrow County, Ohio. Married February, 1898 to Matilda Keyes, who was the daughter of Andrew Keyes of Levering, Ohio. He died February 10, 1942. Buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (L-18)

### FIDELA LEVERING KEYES

So now we come to the descendants of some of David Levering's family. He married Sarah Foust, you know, and had six children. Neither Ellen, Herma nor Fernando had children, and we have agreed to take up Elmira's descendants with the Brewers, so Fidela Levering, wife of David Keyes, is the first. And here goes.



## GENEALOGY



## CHILDREN OF (L-14) FIDELA LEVERING AND DAVID KEYES

## (PEARL AND BLANCHE)

L-16 **Pearl**, born at Woodview, Morrow County, Ohio, on December 27, 1898. Died unmarried at Cleveland, Ohio, on October 8, 1918. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.

L-17 **Blanche**, born at Woodview, Morrow County, Ohio, on May 4, 1901. Married at Mansfield, Ohio, on February 14, 1925 to Frank J. Maul, of Mansfield, Ohio. No children.

## CHESTER W. LEVERING

Next, and the last of David Levering's children, is Chester. He married Matilda Keyes and had five children. Some of them had children and you find I have set them out. Here is your tree—from Chester onward——

*Genealogy Table of Chester W. Levering on Page 20*

## CHILDREN OF (L-15) CHESTER W. LEVERING AND MATILDA KEYES

## (UNNAMED INFANT, SYLVIA, ANDREW, THOMAS AND MILDRED)

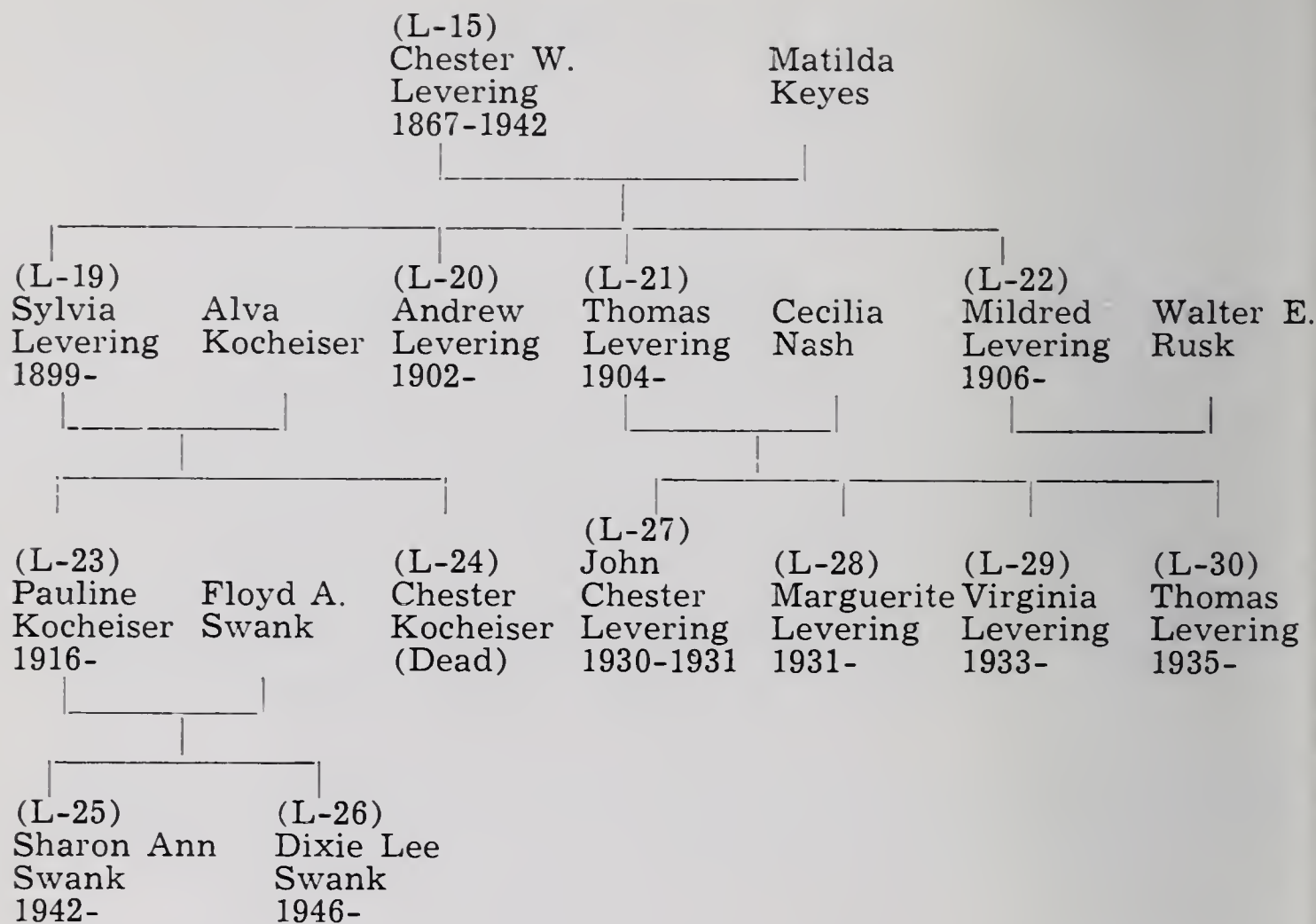
L-18 **Unnamed Infant**, born at Columbus, Ohio. Died in infancy. Buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.

L-19 **Sylvia**, born at Woodview, Ohio on July 26, 1899. Married at Bellville, Ohio, on June 16, 1916 to Alva Kocheiser of Bellville, Ohio. Divorced at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, on June 20, 1923. Remarried at Johnsville, Ohio, on May 11, 1932, to Robert Shaffer of Bellville, Ohio. No children of second marriage.

(L-23)

L-20 **Andrew**, born at Columbus, Ohio, on February 28, 1902. Not married.

## GENEALOGY



L-21 **Thomas**, born at Columbus, Ohio, on August 19, 1904. Married at New Lexington, Ohio, on July 12, 1929 to Cecilia Nash of New Lexington, Ohio. (L-27)

L-22 **Mildred**, born at Columbus, Ohio, on October 6, 1906. Married at Newport, Ohio, on February 14, 1934, to Walter E. Rusk of Mansfield, Ohio. No children.

#### CHILDREN OF (L-19) SYLVIA LEVERING AND ALVA KOCHSEISER

##### (PAULINE AND CHESTER)

L-23 **Pauline**, born at Mansfield, Ohio, on November 9, 1916. Married to Floyd Swank, on December 8, 1938. (L-25)

L-24 **Chester**, born at \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_. Died in childhood. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.

#### CHILDREN OF (L-23) PAULINE KOCHSEISER AND FLOYD SWANK

##### (SHARON ANN AND DIXIE LEE)

L-25 **Sharon Ann**, born June 10, 1942, at Bellville, Ohio.

L-26 **Dixie Lee**, born July 11, 1946, at Bellville, Ohio.



## CHILDREN OF (L-21) THOMAS LEVERING AND CECILIA NASH

(JOHN CHESTER, MARGUERITE, VIRGINIA AND THOMAS, JR.)

- L-27 **John Chester**, born at Barnesville, Ohio, on December 16, 1930. Died January 25, 1931 in Steubenville, Ohio. Buried at New Lexington, Ohio.
- L-28 **Marguerite**, born at Steubenville, Ohio, on December 20, 1931.
- L-29 **Virginia**, born at Martins Ferry, Ohio, on February 8, 1933.
- L-30 **Thomas, Jr.**, born at Marietta, Ohio, on December 16, 1935.

Note: Horatio Gates Jones, in his "Levering Family of 1858," was of the opinion that the Leverings (Le Verings) were French and, probably, fugitives from the Huguenot persecutions. Colonel John Levering, however, seems to have quite dispelled any such belief by his researches, at Leverington, in England. They were fugitives, as the legend relates, but were fleeing from England and not from France.

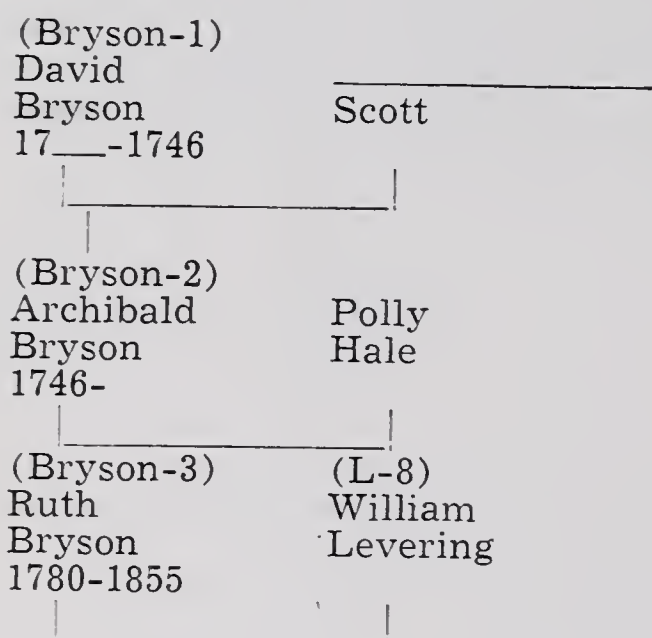


## CHAPTER II

### The Brysons

William Levering (L-8) married Ruth Bryson in 1802. Her Scotch ancestry will be interesting to you, though we haven't much of it. Every schoolboy's heart leaps up with pride when he hears the name of her birthplace——Valley Forge——the place and the times that really tried mens souls. I give you the Brysons.

#### GENEALOGY



(Bryson-1) **David**, born about 1720 in Scotland. Married \_\_\_\_\_  
Scott. Killed in Battle of Culloden in 1746. (Bryson-2)

CHILDREN OF Bryson-1) DAVID BRYSON AND \_\_\_\_\_  
SCOTT  
(Julia and **ARCHIBALD**)

(Bryson-2) **Archibald**, born 1746 in Scotland, two months after his  
father's death in Battle of Culloden. Emigrated to America  
with Robert Scott, his uncle, in 1751. Married Polly Hale.  
Lived at Valley Forge, Pa., later Bedford County, Pa.,  
where he died. (Bryson-3)

CHILDREN OF (Bryson-2) ARCHIBALD BRYSON AND  
POLLY HALE  
(Rachel, **RUTH**, David and other brothers and sisters)

(Bryson-3) **Ruth**, born February 11, 1780 at Valley Forge, Pa. Emi-  
grated to Bedford County, Pa., about 1785 and married  
(L-8) William Levering, November 2, 1802. (L-9)

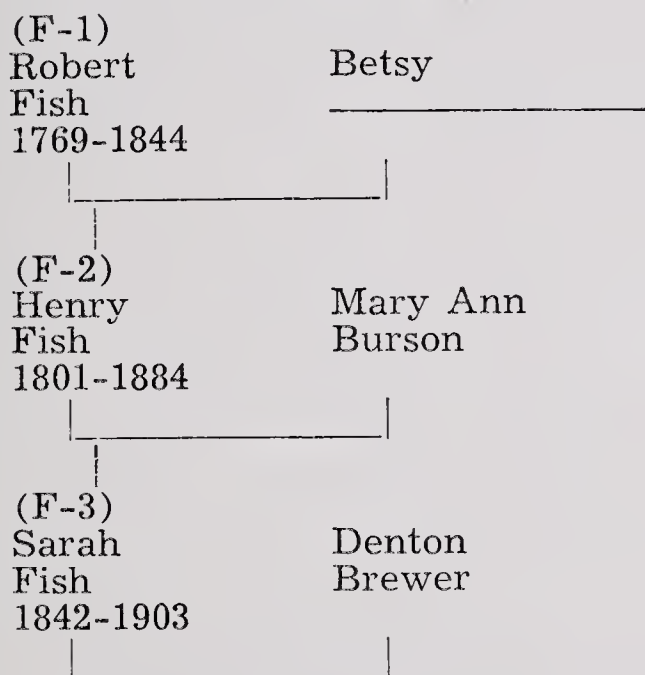


## CHAPTER III

### The Fishes

Out of Maryland and Virginia came the Fishes—Robert, who married Betsy so long ago, I couldn't find her maiden name, and his son, Henry, bringing his 15 year old bride, Mary Ann Burson, to Ohio to bear his nine stout sons and daughters. Daughter Sarah was to marry my grandfather, Dent Brewer. So we must know the Fishes. Look on the Brewer Tree for descendants of Sarah.

#### GENEALOGY



- F-1 **Robert Fish**, born October 12, 1769, in Maryland. Married Betsy \_\_\_\_\_. Lived in Maryland, later in Loudoun County, Virginia. Later in Morrow County, Ohio. Died July 6, 1844. Buried in North Fork Cemetery. (F-2)

CHILDREN OF (F-1) ROBERT FISH AND BETSY \_\_\_\_\_  
(Robert, **HENRY** and eleven daughters)

- F-2 **Henry Fish**, born March 6, 1801, in Loudoun County, Virginia. Married in September, 1831, to Mary Ann Burson, born 1816, daughter of Laban Burson and \_\_\_\_\_ Tibbetts of Loudoun County, Virginia. Emigrated to Morrow County, Ohio, in 1831. Died November 26, 1884. She died in 1887. Both buried in North Fork Cemetery. (F-3)

CHILDREN OF (F-2) HENRY FISH AND MARY ANN BURSON

(Robert, William, Albert, Abner, **SARAH**, John, Amos, Catherine and Margaret)

F-3 **Sarah Fish**, born July 19, 1842, at Williamsport, Morrow County, Ohio. Married April 7, 1859, to Denton Brewer (B-10). Died August 22, 1903. He died December 5, 1914. Both buried Rivercliff Cemetery, Mount Gilead, Ohio. (B-11)

While Denton was away, fighting the Civil War, she stayed alone on the farm with their babies, Mary and Joanna, and, with the aid of helpful neighbors, managed to protect the livestock and raise crops enough to keep going. I still have the letters she wrote to her soldier husband in Tennessee - - - carried in his pack till he came home from the war - - - and, from the worn and stained pages, I can still spell out the story of trials and hardships that befell her as the "girl he left behind him". How the hogs got sick - - - the horses strayed - - - the children had colds. How she loved him and prayed, every day, for his safe return. How cloth and shoes and flour were scarce and how a neighbor boy ran away to dodge the draft. How Baby Frank was born and waiting for his father to hurry home and name him - - - how, meanwhile, they called him Bub! How neighbors came back, maimed from war, and friends had died in battle. How worried wives were wondering if the Southern women were really so charming and beautiful.





## CHAPTER IV

### The Pecks

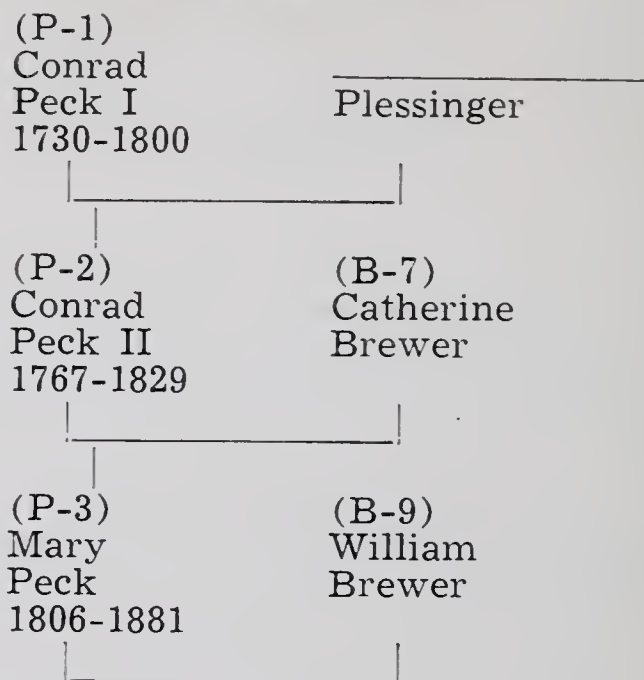
You can hardly imagine my disappointment when my earnest search for elder Pecks failed to bring forth ancestors of Old Conrad I.

And how sadly I was forced to abandon my fruitless search for real documentary evidence and historical data to support the tradition, independently preserved by his descendants, in widely separated regions, that this Old Conrad and Old Henry Brewer were "Long Hunters" and comrades of Boone and Sevier and Christopher Gist in the days of Wilderness Road and the Ohio Company and the conquest of the Alleghenies; that they fought, as Scouts, in the French-and-Indian and the Revolutionary wars——For did Henry Brewer not name his son, Christopher, in honor of that sturdy frontiersman, Christopher Gist? But records of those times and those wars are scant and many have been lost or burned in court house fires. My failure to find them does not dim my conviction that they exist or have existed. The legend is too persistent to be unfounded.

His son, Conrad Peck II, married Catherine, daughter of Old Henry Brewer. Their daughter, Mary Peck, married William Brewer, Henry Brewer's Grandson, and bore my Grandfather Dent Brewer, and, as a widow in the swamps of Morrow County, Ohio, fought and won as fierce a battle for existence as ever was waged by woman.

You will find Mary's descendants on the Brewer Tree.

# GENEALOGY



- P-1 **Conrad Peck I**, born about 1730 in England. Emigrated to Maryland when young. Married \_\_\_\_\_ Plessinger and moved to Bedford, now Fulton County, Pennsylvania. Died on Peck homestead, south of Needmore, Pennsylvania, about 1800. Buried in Peck Cemetery on homestead. (P-2)

## CHILDREN OF (P-1) CONRAD PECK AND \_\_\_\_\_ PLESSINGER

(**CONRAD II** and several brothers and sisters)

- P-2 **Conrad II**, born at Needmore, Pennsylvania, on Jan. 2, 1767. Married (B-7) Catherine Brewer, daughter of (B-6) Henry Brewer. She died about 1808. He married again, Deborah Bailey, who died 1859. He died February 15, 1829. Buried Peck Cemetery, south of Needmore. (P-3)

## CHILDREN OF (P-2) CONRAD PECK II and (B-7) CATHERINE BREWER

(Henry, Elizabeth, Catherine, William, Peter, John and **MARY**)

- P-3 **Mary**, born about 1806, near Needmore, Pennsylvania. Married, in 1823, to (B-9) William Brewer, son of (B-8) John Brewer and (L-7) Mary Levering. Emigrated to Morrow County, Ohio, in 1835. He died December 3, 1846. She died February 28, 1881. Both buried Shauck Cemetery. (B-10)





## CHAPTER V

### The Brewers

A thousand years ago, on the misty coast of Flanders, near the town of Bethune, in the little village of la Bruviere, there lived a family of Norman-Flemish gentry, now recognized as the progenitors of the Brewer family in America.

When William the Conqueror invaded Britain in the year 1066, a member of that family, Drogo de la Bouerer or Bruviere, was among the invaders. His wife was a cousin of William and The Conqueror regarded him highly and placed his name on the immortal Roll of Honor of Battle Abbey at Senlac or Hastings and there it is today, a mute, yet shouting witness of our ancestors' prowess.

#### "DROGO DE BREVERE"

Dugdale says, "the lordships whereof he was possessed, as appears by the Conqueror's Survey," are distinctly set down as held by Adeliza, Countess of Albemarle, Odo's single instance throughout the work; but Holderness, he adds, "was not given him till after Survey." There he is right, as we shall find in the following notice of an undoubted companion of the Conqueror, whose name does not appear in the roll of Battle Abbey, but who is presumed to have been an ancestor of the De Brewers or Briweres, so powerful in the Thirteenth Century. According to the Book of Meaux and the Register of Fountains Abbe, which I have already quoted, this Drogo was a Fleming of Holderness, on which he built the strong Castle of Skipsey, and other considerable estates in various counties, amongst them Bytham in Lincolnshire. By the same authorities he is said to have married a kinswoman of the King, — how related to him, or how named, is not stated, nor whether her hand had been bestowed upon him as part of the guerdon he had merited. Whoever she was, Drogo killed her — whether by accident or with "malice prepense," does not appear in the indictment. His subsequent conduct, however, was that of a guilty man. He hastened to the King and pretended that he was desirous to take his wife to Flanders; but, not having sufficient money at command for the purpose, craved assistance from his royal connection. The King, not doubting his story, gave or lent to him the sum requested, with which Drogo wisely made the best of his way to the coast, and took ship for the Low Countries. The King, on learning the truth, sent orders for his arrest, but too late. Drogo was beyond his reach. He lost no time, however, in seizing his estates, some of

which he appears to have bestowed on Odo of Champagne, who, according to the same writers, is said to have complained that the soil of Holderness was sterile and would grow nothing but oats; and his wife having presented him with a son, named Stephen, he prayed the Conqueror to give him some land on which he could grow wheat, that he might feed his (William's) nephew; whereupon the King gave him Bytham, another forfeited manor of Drogo's and other places.

Now if the story about Drogo be true, the slaying of his wife and flight to Flanders must have taken place in 1086, for up to August in that year he was in possession of all his estates, and shortly afterwards William quitted England never to see it more. Drogo's personal interview with him must, therefore, have been during the few months that elapsed between the completion of the survey and the King's sailing for Normandy; either at the time of his holding his last great Witan at Salisbury (1st August), to which all the principal land holders in the kingdom were summoned, or while he was subsequently residing in the Isle of Wight, waiting the collection of the money extorted from all against whom he could bring any charge whether by right or otherwise—that final robbery of his English subjects, with the booty of which he departed amid “curses not loud but deep,” to die deserted, dishonoured, and despoiled in his native land.” (*The Conqueror and His Companions*, by J. R. Planche, Vol. 1, P. 126.)

It thus appears that Planche did not think Drogo's name was on the Roll, but you will see by the Duchess of Cleveland, hereinafter quoted, that his name was on the Roll as “Bonueier.” Names were written in longhand, phonetics were not well established, even letters were given different sounds by different writers. Drogo de Bruviere, in which the “v” was pronounced as “w” was well known in English history. Not finding a name on the Roll spelled in this manner, Planche decided Drogo had not been included. It is clear from the identity of Bonueier, as noted by Duchess of Cleveland, that he is the same person as Bruviere, and is on the Roll.

So we see that Drogo de Bruviere, Drogo de la Bouerer and Drogo de Bonueier, is all the same person. He was a Fleming and held the Seigneury of La Bruviere, near Bethune, in ancient Flanders, in the region of France, though close to Belgium. He came with The Conqueror to

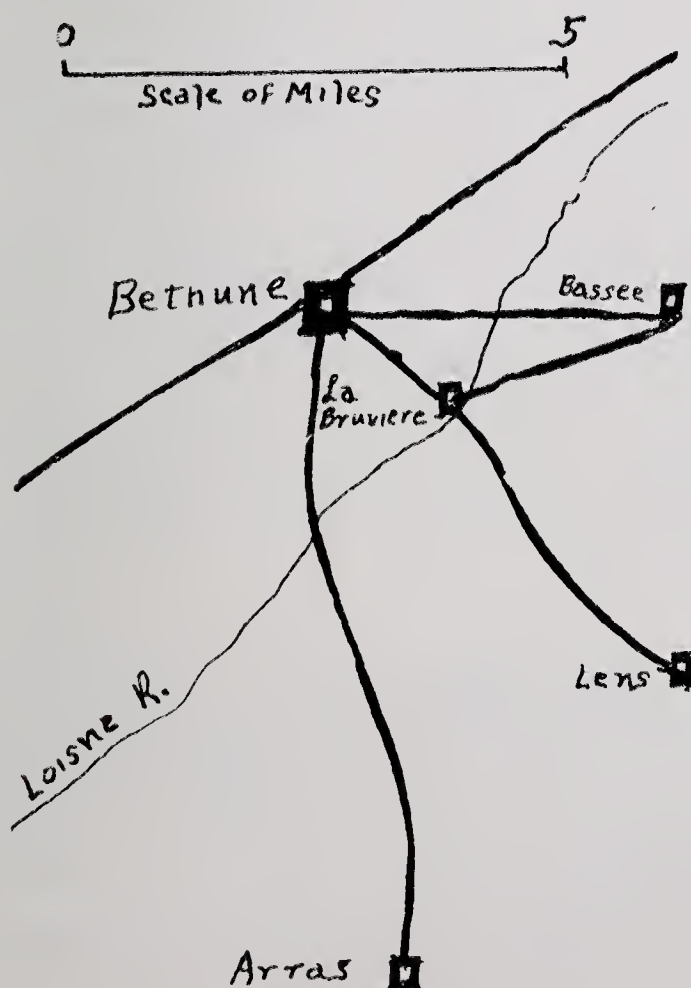


England in the invasion and in recognition of his services, received more than a hundred manors and, in addition to having married a cousin of William The Conqueror, he was a man of great importance in Norman-England for the first twenty years after the invasion. For some reason, he killed his wife, the cousin of The Conqueror and fled back to his native Flanders, where he was safe from punishment. The Conqueror confiscated all his lands and gave them out to other favorites. Drogo's children, born either in Flanders before the invasion, or in England thereafter, did not follow Drogo to Flanders for they had lived nearly twenty years in England and doubtless considered it their home.

#### "BONUEIER

This most probably stands for Bouerer, "Drogo de la Bouerer," as the monks of Meaux give the name. It is from their chronicle that we learn what little we know of this mysterious Fleming. He probably held the Seigneury of La Bruviere, near

Bethune, and is styled "miles probus et in armis probatus." He had married a cousin of the Conqueror's and, it was doubtless to this alliance, no less than to his services in the field, that he owed his great English barony. He received the whole of the so called "isle" of Holderness — at that time a dreary and marshy district, but comprising no less than 87 manors with 27 others in Lincolnshire, of which the most valuable had been Earl Morcar's. He built Skipsea Castle, and must have also had a manor-house at Burstwick, afterwards the caput of the Seignory of Holderness. "At either one or the other must have occurred the tragedy that sent Drogo in



La Bruviere, from a 1918 War-Operations Map.

"—near Bethune in ancient Flanders—"

all haste to court, before the tale might be told, or justice overtake him." (A. S. Ellis.) Of this tragedy I have given an account elsewhere (See "Aumale"), but nothing beyond the bare facts has been preserved. Not even the name of the wife whom he "unhappily killed" has come down to us. We cannot tell who she was or why she was made away with; whether he was stung to sudden frenzy by jealousy, or planned beforehand how she was to die — That the deed was willfully done, his own conduct proves, for he escaped to Flanders with the money he had obtained from the King, and was seen in England no more. Little is known of his descendants, but according to Mr. Planche he is "presumed to have been an ancestor of the de Brewers or de Briweres, so powerful in the 13th Century." Theodoric or Thierry de Bevera, lord of that place and Castellan of Dixmue, his heir probably, occurs several times early in the 12th Century, and married Beatrix, Daughter of Baldwin de Gand, 'le Grand,' Lord of Alost, nephew of Gilbert de Gand of the Survey." (*The Battle Abbey Roll, by Duchess of Cleveland, Vol. 1, P. 183-4.*)

Though Drogo fled back to Flanders in 1086 and never returned to England, his descendants remained and were ever important in English affairs as soldiers, lawyers, court advisers and landed gentlemen. Nicholas Brewer, a follower of Charles II, was exiled to Barbados, died in 1778, and is buried there in St. Michaels Parish Churchyard. Baron William Brewer, in the 13th Century, was influential in advising King Henry III to sign the confirmation of Magna Charta. Baron Brewer had been adviser to King Henry's predecessor and was an active proponent of that mighty document wherein was first written the foundations of English freedom. The family Coat-of-Arms indicates importance on both land and sea.

They were a vigorous, active people and it is not strange that within twenty years from the first Virginia settlement, in 1607, at Jamestown, John Brewer, London merchant, was a partner in the adventure. We do not know when he sailed, but he was there in 1629-30, for he was a member of the House of Burgesses, in those years, and met with them in the little wood church at Jamestown, that preceded the later brick one.



His father's name was Thomas Brewer. He brought his wife and three children with him from England and two more were born in America. And of all these, two, Francis and Mary, died before he did. He lived to the south, across the James River, from Jamestown, and in the Warwick River District and owned two large estates, "Brewers Neck" and "Stanley Hundred".

His descendants moved steadily westward, as the country became settled. Branches sprang off to North Carolina and south as far as Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. They spread westward to Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio. They were soldiers, legislators, merchants, planters, foxhunters and horsemen. They were woodsmen, Indian fighters, trappers, explorers, and frontiersmen. Their sturdy kinsmen were forever in the vanguard that finally drove the American Frontier into the Pacific. Our own branch separated from the Virginia tree when Henry, the son of George, born in Brunswick County, Virginia, came to Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in the 1760's, just after the peace following the French and Indian War, in which he had been a soldier.

Henry Brewer's son, John, a Revolutionary Soldier, stayed on and died there in Pennsylvania, but John's son, William, moved on to Morrow County, Ohio. And William's son, Denton, my Grandfather, stayed on and died in Morrow County, as did my father, Henry Lloyd Brewer.

And so you see us now, as a long line of travellers to the West. Nearly a thousand years of journey—a thousand years of being born and of dying—a thousand years of adventure and conquest—of loving and hoping and striving—and, at the end of it, is You. Something to be proud of, don't you think?

And now you will meet some of these folks—in fact, all of them from Thomas of London, four hundred years

ago. We will take them first as far as the children of my Grandfather, Denton Brewer. Then we will take each of Dent's children, separately, to date.

*Genealogy Table of Brewers on Page 33*

- B-1 **Thomas Brewer**, born in London, England, about 1540. Married to \_\_\_\_\_ Drake. (B-2)

CHILDREN OF (B-1) THOMAS BREWER AND \_\_\_\_\_  
DRAKE

(**JOHN**, Thomas and others)

- B-2 **John I**, born in London, England, about 1565. Was merchant and grocer in Bartholomew Lane, London. Married Mary Grove. Emigrated to Virginia. Owner of Brewer's Neck and Stanley Hundred on Warwick River, Member House of Burgesses, 1629-30. Died 1635. Will probated in London same year. (B-3)

CHILDREN OF (B-2) JOHN BREWER I AND MARY GROVE  
(**JOHN**, Francis, Mary, Margaret and Roger)

- B-3 **John II**, born in London, England, about 1600. Emigrated to Virginia with father. Married Ann \_\_\_\_\_. Member House of Burgesses, 1657-58. Died in 1669 in Virginia. (B-4)

CHILDREN OF (B-3) JOHN BREWER II AND ANN \_\_\_\_\_.  
(**JOHN**, Thomas, Mary and Ann)

- B-4 **John III**, born Isle of Wight County, Virginia, in 1635. Married \_\_\_\_\_. Died 1705 in Virginia. (B-5)

CHILDREN OF JOHN BREWER III AND \_\_\_\_\_  
(Peter, William, James, Horace and **GEORGE**)

- B-5 **George**, born 1670 in Brunswick, then Isle of Wight County, Virginia. Married Sarah Lanier. Died Brunswick County, Virginia in 1744, leaving a Masonic Will. (B-6)

(**GEORGE**)

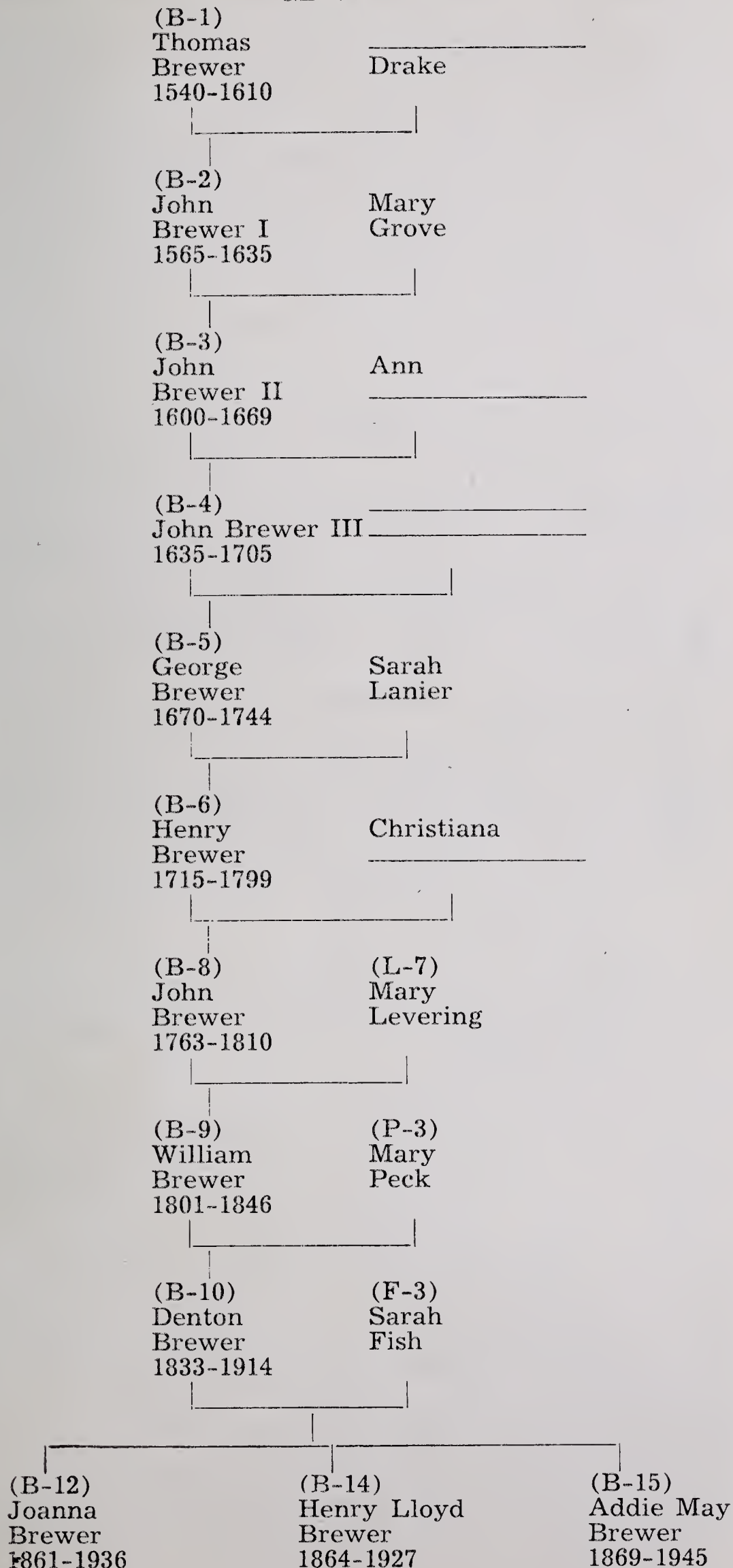
CHILDREN OF (B-5) GEORGE BREWER AND SARAH LANIER

(William, Oliver, **HENRY**, Nathaniel, Sarah, Lanier, George Jr., Nicholas, John and Howell)

- B-6 **Henry**, born about 1715 in Brunswick then Isle of Wight County, Virginia. Married Christiana \_\_\_\_\_. Was woodsman, trapper and "Long Hunter" in youth. Moved to Bedford County, Pennsylvania in 1773 and died there in 1799, leaving a Masonic Will. (B-7)



## GENEALOGY



# CHILDREN OF (B-6) HENRY BREWER AND CHRISTIANA

(Elizabeth, **CATHERINE**, **JOHN**, Margaret, Bearbre, Henry, Christopher, Ann, Peter and George)

- B-7 **Catherine**, born about 1764. Married (P-2) Conrad Peck II. Died at Needmore, Pennsylvania about 1808. (P-3)
- B-8 **John**, born February 28, 1763. Married (L-7) Mary Levering November 29, 1787. Served Revolutionary War in James Leech's Company, Rangers of the Frontier. Died 1810 in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. (B-9)

# CHILDREN OF (B-8) JOHN BREWER AND (L-7) MARY LEVERING

(Henry, Barbara, Mary, Rachel, Elijah, Jonathan, Sarah, **WILLIAM**, John and Abigal)

- B-9 **William**, born July 24, 1801 at Needmore, Pennsylvania. Married in 1823 to Mary Peck, daughter of Conrad Peck II. Emigrated to Morrow County, Ohio, in 1835 and died December 3, 1846. She died February 28, 1881. Both buried in Shauck Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (B-10)

# CHILDREN OF (B-9) WILLIAM BREWER AND (P-3) MARY PECK

(Jonathan, Daniel, **DENTON**, Nathaniel, Job, Levi, Catherine and Peter)

- B-10 **Denton**, born October 25, 1833 in Bedford County, Pa. Removed with parents to Morrow County, Ohio, in 1835. Married April 7, 1859 to (F-3) Sarah Fish, daughter of (F-2) Henry and Mary Ann Fish. He died, December 5, 1914. She died, August 22, 1903. Both buried, Rivercliff Cemetery, Mount Gilead, Ohio. (B-11)

# CHILDREN OF (B-10) DENTON BREWER AND (F-3) SARAH FISH

(**MARY**, **JOANNA**, **ALBERT FRANKLIN**, **HENRY LLOYD** AND **ADDIE MAY**)

- B-11 **Mary**, born 1860, at Williamsport, Ohio. Died in 1869. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.
- B-12 **Joanna**, born June 15, 1861, at Williamsport, Ohio. Married October 17, 1883 to Ellsworth Cooper. He died February 12, 1940 at Akron, Ohio. Buried Rivercliff Cemetery, Mt. Gilead, Ohio. She died March 10, 1936 at Akron, Ohio. Buried Rivercliff Cemetery, Mt. Gilead, Ohio. (B-16)
- B-13 **Albert Franklin**, born April 1, 1863, at Williamsport, Ohio. Died unmarried, July 6, 1886 in Denver, Colorado. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.
- B-14 **Henry Lloyd**, born November 15, 1864, at Williamsport, Ohio. Married December 24, 1890 to (L-12) Elmira Levering, daughter of David and Sarah Levering of North Woodbury, Ohio. Both died at North Woodbury, Ohio, he September



30, 1927 and she January 13, 1938. Both buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio. (B-25)

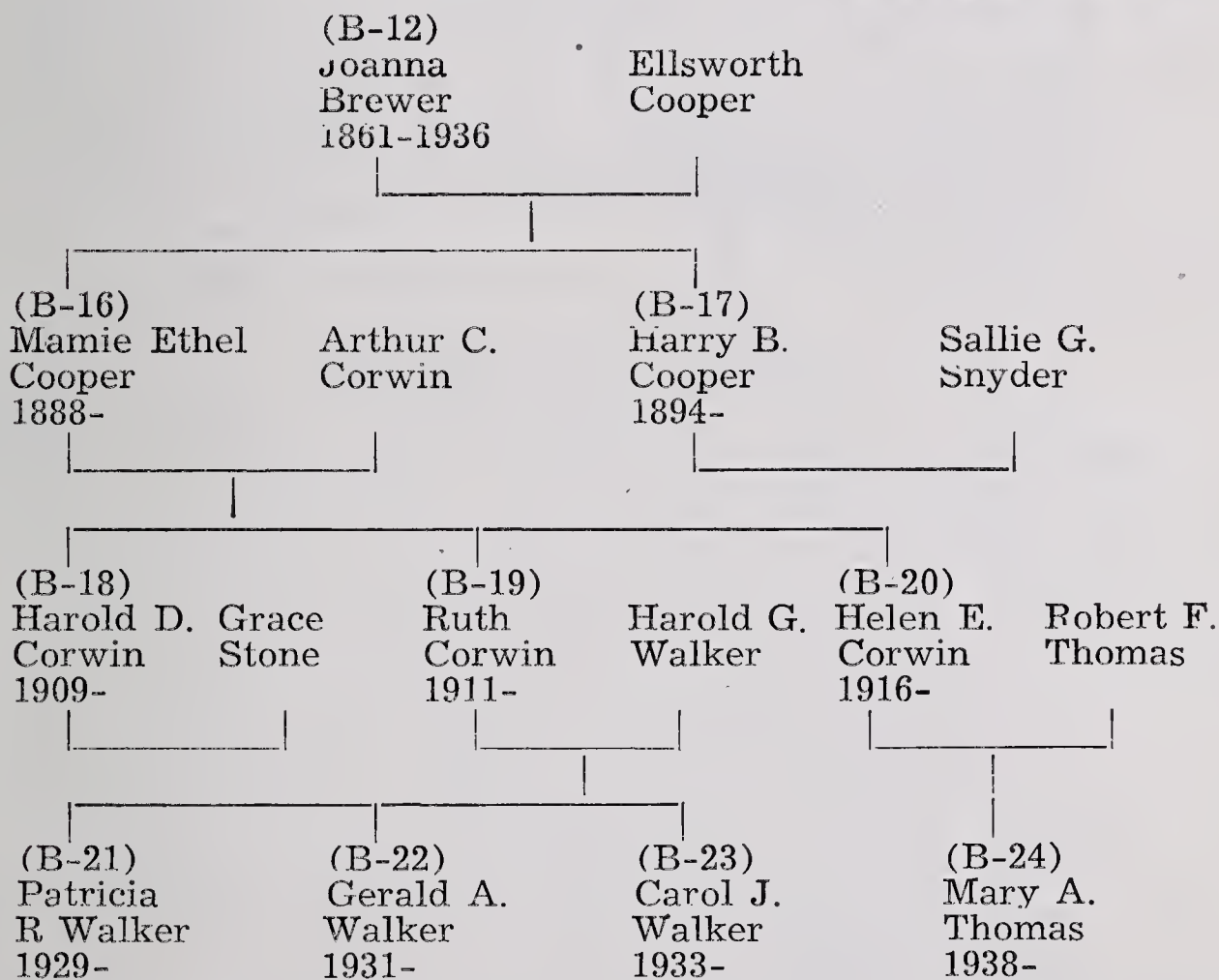
**B-15 Addie May**, born January 25, 1869 at Williamsport, Ohio. Married March 17, 1888 to Samuel A. McNay. He died June 24, 1903 at Caledonia, Ohio. Buried Rivercliff Cemetery at Mt. Gilead, Ohio. She died December 30, 1945 at Marion, Ohio. Buried Marion Cemetery, Marion, Ohio. (B-43)

### JOANNA BREWER COOPER

We are now ready to treat the descendants of Denton Brewer's children, separately. You observed that Mary and Frank died unmarried, so there remain Joanna, Henry Lloyd and Addie May. So here goes for Joanna.

### GENEALOGY

**1164641**



### CHILDREN OF ELLSWORTH COOPER AND (B-12) JOANNA BREWER

#### (MAMIE ETHEL AND HARRY BREWER)

**B-16 Mamie Ethel**, born January 16, 1888 at Blooming Grove, Ohio. Married June 6, 1906 to Arthur C. Corwin of Sparta, who was the son of Charles E. Corwin and Ella Gantt of Sparta. Residence 381 Edgewood Ave., Akron, Ohio. (B-18)

**B-17 Harry Brewer**, born June 9, 1894 at Williamsport, Ohio. Married Sallie G. Snyder, September 9, 1931.

CHILDREN OF ARTHUR C. CORWIN AND (B-16) MAMIE  
ETHEL COOPER

(HAROLD DENTON, RUTH, HELEN ELIZABETH)

- B-18 **Harold Denton**, born November 2, 1909, at Iberia, Ohio. Married Grace M. Stone, November 16, 1930. Veteran World War II, Pacific Area. Residence, San Diego, California.
- B-19 **Ruth**, born September 1, 1911 at Iberia, Ohio. Married Harold George Walker, January 9, 1929. Residence 876 Polk Ave., S. W., Akron, Ohio. (B-21)
- B-20 **Helen Elizabeth**, born July 28, 1916, at Attica, Ohio. Married Robert Frank Thomas, July 19, 1936, of Akron, Ohio. Residence 381 Edgewood Ave., Akron, Ohio. (B-24)

CHILDREN OF HAROLD GEORGE WALKER AND (B-19)  
RUTH CORWIN

(PATRICIA RUTH, GERALD ARTHUR AND CAROL  
JEANNE)

- B-21 **Patricia Ruth**, born Wadsworth, Ohio, on August 6, 1929.
- B-22 **Gerald Arthur**, born Akron, Ohio, on December 15, 1931.
- B-23 **Carol Jeanne**, born Akron, Ohio, on September 17, 1933.

CHILDREN OF ROBERT FRANK THOMAS AND (B-20)  
HELEN ELIZABETH CORWIN

(MARY ANN)

- B-24 **Mary Ann**, born Akron, Ohio, on August 8, 1938.

**HENRY LLOYD BREWER**

And now to my father, Henry Lloyd Brewer, and my mother, Elmira Levering—you remember she was left out when her father, David Levering's descendants were traced—because I said she would be treated here.

*Genealogy Table of Henry Lloyd Brewer on Page 37*

CHILDREN OF (B-14) HENRY LLOYD BREWER AND  
(L-12) ELMIRA LEVERING

(FRANK, ROBERT DAVID, EDWARD DENTON, MARY  
AND NELLIE)

- B-25 **Frank**, born at North Woodbury, Ohio, June 12, 1892. Died September 27, 1892. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.
- B-26 **Robert David**, born North Woodbury, Ohio, August 15, 1893. Married at Akron, Ohio, October 2, 1918, to Edna Wakeman of Delaware, Ohio, who was born at Sidney, Ohio, daughter of Alexander and Minnie (English) Wakeman. (B-30)
- B-27 **Edward Denton**, born March 27, 1895, at North Woodbury, Ohio. Married at Eugene, Oregon, August 9, 1920, to (R-4)

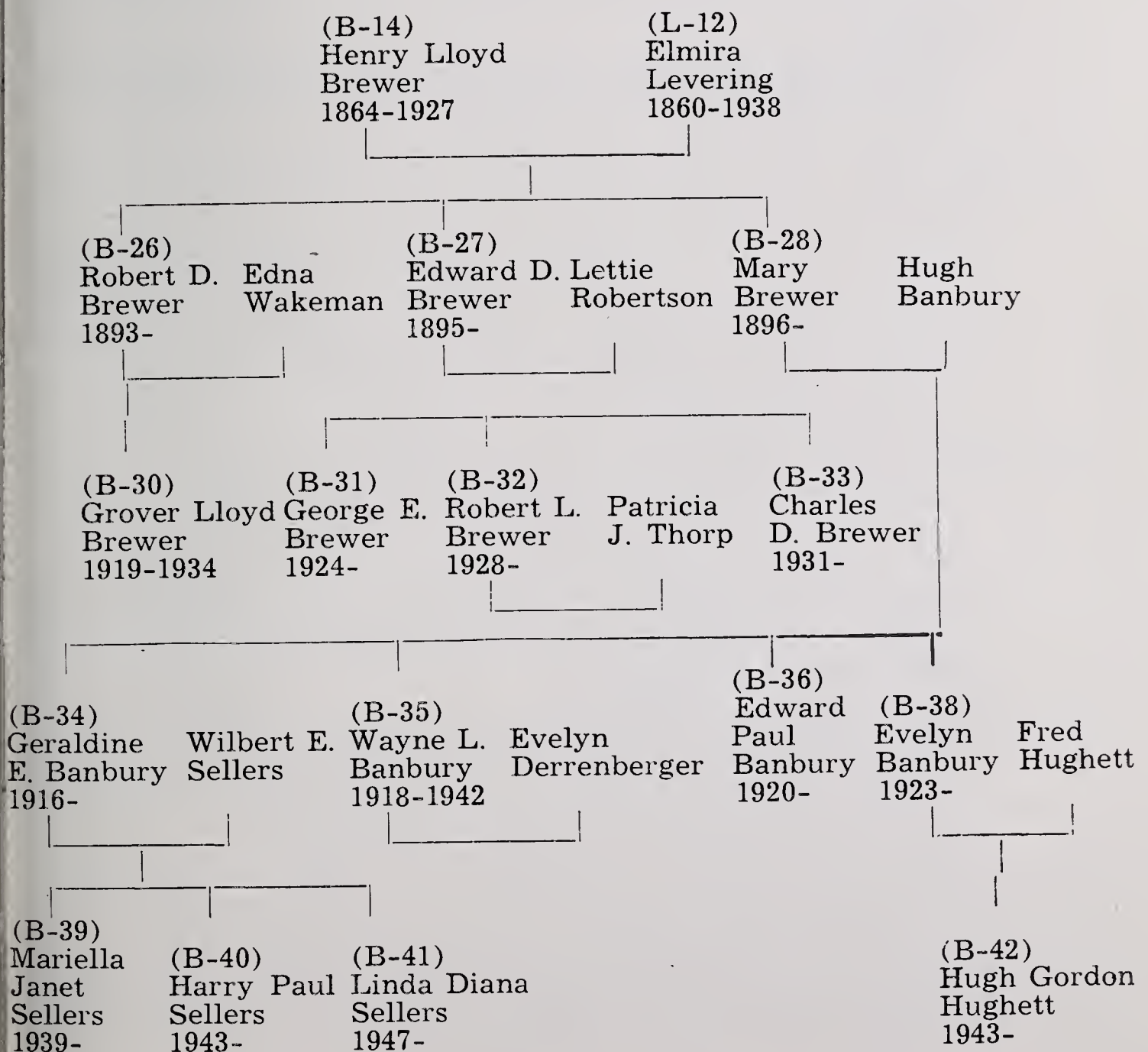


Lettie Robertson Strickland of Pope County, Arkansas, born at Knoxville, Arkansas, January 11, 1892, daughter of George W. and Sallie Smith Robertson, now of Pottsville, Arkansas. (B-31)

B-28 **Mary**, born December 23, 1896, at North Woodbury, Ohio. Married August 12, 1915 at Bellville, Ohio, to Hugh Banbury of Danville, Ohio, who was born January 5, 1886 at Danville, son of Clarence C. Banbury, born October 18, 1854, at Danville and Louise Lydick, born July 27, 1855 and who were married February 3, 1878. (B-34)

B-29 **Nellie**, born at North Woodbury, Ohio, January 25, 1898. Died January 21, 1900. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.

### GENEALOGY



CHILDREN OF (B-26) ROBERT DAVID BREWER AND  
EDNA WAKEMAN

(GROVER LLOYD)

- B-30 **Grover Lloyd**, born at Mansfield, Ohio, September 8, 1919. Died November 13, 1934 at Mansfield, Ohio. Buried North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.

CHILDREN OF (B-27) EDWARD DENTON BREWER AND  
(R-4) LETTIE ROBERTSON

(GEORGE EDWARD, ROBERT LEVERING AND CHARLES  
DENTON)

- B-31 **George Edward**, born at Tulsa, Oklahoma, on January 7, 1924.
- B-32 **Robert Levering**, born at Tulsa, Oklahoma, on February 19, 1928. Married February 10, 1947 at St. Joseph, Michigan, to Patricia Josephine Thorp, of San Diego, California, who was born October 5, 1927 at Kansas City, Missouri, daughter of Charles C. Thorp, born at Liberty, Missouri, and Loretta Leahy, born at Kansas City, Missouri.
- B-33 **Charles Denton**, born at Tulsa, Oklahoma, on February 8, 1931.
- CHILDREN OF HUGH BANBURY AND (B-28) MARY BREWER

(GERALDINE ELMIRA, WAYNE LLOYD, EDWARD PAUL,  
TWIN, AND EVELYN LOUISA)

- B-34 **Geraldine Elmira**, born at Buckeye City, Ohio, on March 17, 1916. Married at Ashland, Kentucky on July 6, 1937, to Wilbert Ernest Sellers of Loudonville, Ohio, who was born on February 11, 1915 at Loudonville, Ohio and who is the son of Harry Eli Sellers, who was born on January 14, 1888 at Newville, Ohio and Ellen Jefferies, who was born on March 3, 1885 at Hastings, Barrow County, Michigan and who were married on January 25, 1912. (B-39)
- B-35 **Wayne Lloyd**, born at Buckeye City, Ohio, on August 21, 1918. Married at Newport, Kentucky, on October 6, 1940, to Evelyn May Derrenberger, who was born on November 25, 1917, near Loudonville, Ohio and who is the daughter of Clarence Derrenberger of Loudonville, Ohio. He died June 29, 1942 at Mansfield, Ohio. Buried in North Fork Cemetery, Morrow County, Ohio.
- B-36 **Edward Paul**, born at Buckeye City, Ohio, on December 21, 1920. Unmarried. Joined United States Navy on January 14, 1942. Served on USS San Juan. Served with distinction in nearly all important actions in the Pacific.
- B-37 Unnamed twin brother of Edward Paul. Died 36 hours after birth. Buried in Workman Cemetery at Danville, Ohio.
- B-38 **Evelyn Louisa**, born at Danville, Ohio, on April 8, 1923. Married at Danville, Ohio, on March 2, 1941, to Fred Hughett of Mansfield, Ohio, who was born on March 30, 1921 at Lynch



Mines, Kentucky and who is the son of John James Hughett, born January 12, 1888 at Huntsville, Tennessee and Cora Edna Angel, who was born on June 24, 1894 at Oneida, Tennessee and who were married at Oneida, Tennessee on March 16, 1912. Fred Hughett joined United States Navy on January 21, 1942. (B-42)

CHILDREN OF (B-34) GERALDINE ELMIRA BANBURY  
AND WILBERT ERNEST SELLERS

(MARIELLA JANET, HARRY PAUL, AND LINDA DIANE)

B-39 Mariella Janet, born at Danville, Ohio, on December 18, 1939.

B-40 Harry Paul, born at Danville, Ohio, on November 22, 1943.

B-41 Linda Diane, born at Loudenville, Ohio, on May 28, 1947.

CHILDREN OF (B-38) EVELYN LOUISA BANBURY AND  
FRED HUGHETT

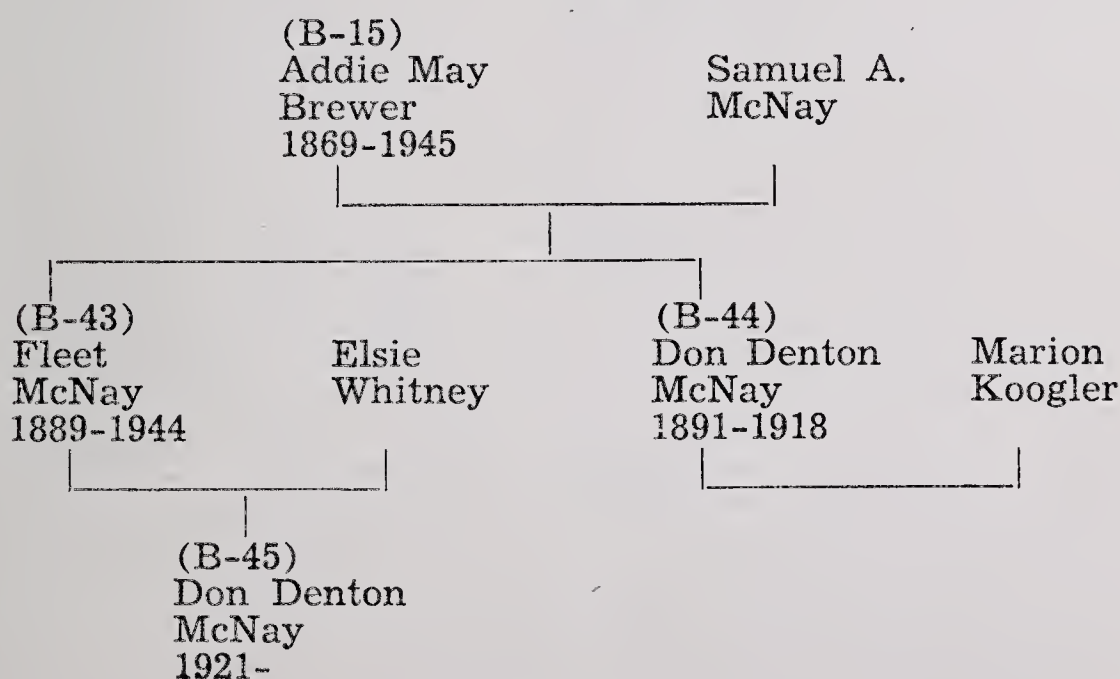
(HUGH GORDON)

B-42 Hugh Gordon, born at Danville, Ohio, on May 5, 1943.

ADDIE MAY BREWER McNAY

And now to Addie, the last of Dent's children—a dear, sweet, old lady, whom I shall always remember with tenderness and shall always salute with respect—for she was both those things to me. I saw her but a few weeks before she died and received a letter from her after the telegram that announced her death.

GENEALOGY



CHILDREN OF SAMUEL McNAY AND (B-15) ADDIE MAY  
BREWER

(FLEET AND DON DENTON)

B-43 Fleet, born January 19, 1890, at Williamsport, Ohio. Married

to Elsie Whitney of Marion, Ohio. He died February, 1941 at San Antonio, Texas. Buried at San Antonio, Texas.

(B-45)

- B-44 **Don Denton**, born August, 1891, at Chesterville, Ohio. Married December 8, 1917 to Marion Koogler of Marion, Ohio, daughter of Dr. Koogler of Marion, Ohio. He died October 27, 1918 at Camp Johnston, Florida. Buried at Marion, Ohio.

CHILDREN OF (B-43) FLEET McNAY AND ELSIE WHITNEY

(DON DENTON)

- B-45 **Don Denton**, born May 14, 1921 at Marion, Ohio.





## CHAPTER VI

### The Robertsons

Now we come to your mother's people. Bedford Robertson is the first of the family whom we can name. He lived near Social Circle, Georgia with his brothers, Silas and Bennett. His son, James Lafayette, Confederate Veteran and of a well-to-do planters family, emigrated to Arkansas, where his son, George Washington Robertson still lives and most of his children——your mother's brothers and sisters——have their homes. I'll set them out for you, but you and your mother will not appear here because I have already shown your pedigree under the Brewers. And we will again make a break——to make it easier——after the children of George Robertson——and take up the descendants of his children separately, but without a separate tree.

#### GENEALOGY

(R-1)  
Bedford                      Phoebe  
Robertson                  Thrasher  
1812-1899

(R-2)  
James L.                    Sarah F.  
Robertson                  Colston  
1835-1910

(R-3)  
George W.                  Sallie  
Robertson                  Smith  
1868-

(R-4) Lettie Robertson 1892-	(R-5) Winfred Robertson 1893-	(R-6) Lora Robertson 1895-	(R-7) Lottie Robertson 1900-	(R-8) Argus Robertson 1901-	(R-9) Lucille Robertson 1903-	(R-10) Pauline Robertson 1906-
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- R-1 **Bedford Robertson**, born 1812 in DeKalb County, Georgia. Married Phoebe Thrasher of DeKalb County, who died in 1850. He married again and had four more children not herein named. Died at Social Circle, Georgia, in 1899.

(R-2)

CHILDREN OF (R-1) BEDFORD ROBERTSON AND PHOEBE THRASHER

(**JAMES LAFAYETTE**, Greene, Bennett, George and Phoebe)

- R-2 **James Lafayette**, born October 22, 1835, in DeKalb County, Georgia. Married (C-2) Sarah F. Colston, December 19, 1867. He was Confederate Veteran. In 1880 he emigrated to Knoxville, Arkansas. He died January 13, 1910 at Pottsville, Arkansas. She died September 17, 1938 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Both buried Pisgah Cemetery at Pottsville, Arkansas.

(R-3)

CHILDREN OF (R-2) JAMES LAFAYETTE ROBERTSON AND (C-2) SARAH F. COLSTON

(**GEORGE WASHINGTON**, John, James, Bedford, Forrest and Winnie)

- R-3 **George Washington**, born November 10, 1868 at Social Circle, Georgia. Emigrated with parents to Knoxville, Arkansas in 1880. Married March 16, 1890 to (S-2) Sallie Smith of Magazine, Arkansas. Lives at Pottsville, Arkansas. (R-4)

CHILDREN OF (R-3) GEORGE WASHINGTON ROBERTSON AND (S-2) SALLIE SMITH

(**LETTIE, WINFRED, LORA, LOTTIE, ARGUS, LUCILLE AND PAULINE**)

- R-4 **Lettie**, born January 11, 1892 at Knoxville, Arkansas. Married, August 9, 1920, to (B-27) Edward Denton Brewer, at Eugene, Oregon. Lives at 2309 East 13th Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

(B-31)

- R-5 **Winfred**, born 1893 at Knoxville, Arkansas. Married November 15, 1913 to Ola Morton, daughter of J. C. Morton and Martha Whitley of Pottsville, Arkansas. Lives at Pottsville, Arkansas.

(R-11)

- R-6 **Lora**, born July 19, 1895, at Knoxville, Arkansas. Married May 18, 1913 to Crayton Teeter, son of Paul Teeter and Ella Bowden of Pottsville, Arkansas. Lives at Eldorado, Kansas.

(R-29)

- R-7 **Lottie**, born June 13, 1900, at Lamar, Arkansas. Married, December 24, 1921, to Earl Redmond, son of John A. Redmond and Mary Gibson of Pottsville, Arkansas. Lives Little Rock, Arkansas.

(R-36)

- R-8 **Argus**, born September 28, 1901, at Cabin Creek (Lamar), Ar-



kansas. Married October 18, 1919, to Lois Stewart, daughter of W. W. Stewart and Idabel Reed, of Pottsville, Arkansas. Lives at Pottsville, Arkansas. (R-37)

R-9 **Lucille**, born September 3, 1903, at Cabin Creek (Lamar), Arkansas. Married April 21, 1934, to Drury Spencer, son of Charles Spencer and Mary Brown. Lives at Ada, Oklahoma.

R-10 **Pauline**, born June 10, 1906, at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married May 30, 1936, to Keith Overdyke, son of John Jones Overdyke and Elizabeth Jane Runicles, of Cherokee, Kansas. Lives at Shreveport, Louisiana. (R-42)

CHILDREN OF (R-4) LETTIE ROBERTSON AND (B-27) EDWARD DENTON BREWER (See B-31 P. 38.)

CHILDREN OF (R-5) WINFRED ROBERTSON AND OLA MORTON

(ENA, EDNA, WHEELER, W. J., PAUL AND GLEN)

R-11 **Ena**, born August 28, 1914 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married April 8, 1936 to Hursting Bowden. (R-17)

R-12 **Edna**, born October 4, 1915, at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married April 16, 1932 to Willis Fred Motley. (R-21)

R-13 **Wheeler**, born November 16, 1917, at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married December 12, 1936 to Leota Teeter. (R-25)

R-14 **W. J.**, born November 16, 1919, at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married December 5, 1942 to June Wood. (R-27)

R-15 **Paul**, born February 9, 1922, at Pottsville, Arkansas.

R-16 **Glen**, born November 25, 1927, at Pottsville, Arkansas.

CHILDREN OF (R-11) ENA ROBERTSON AND HURSTING BOWDEN

(LYSIA NELL, JOYCE RUTH, ROBERT HURSTING AND KONNIE CHARLENE)

R-17 **Lysia Nell**, born July 19, 1937.

R-18 **Joyce Ruth**, born October 29, 1939.

R-19 **Robert Hursting**, born October 29, 1941.

R-20 **Konnie Charlene**, born January 3, 1946.

CHILDREN OF (R-12) EDNA ROBERTSON AND WILLIS FRED MOTLEY

(GEORGE LEROY, BETTY, ROBERT FRED AND PAUL WILLIAM)

R-21 **George LeRoy**, born May 12, 1937.

R-22 **Betty**, born June 24, 1940.

R-23 **Robert Fred**, born June 12, 1942.

R-24 **Paul William**, born August 2, 1945.

CHILDREN OF (R-13) WHEELER ROBERTSON AND LEOTA TEETER

(TOMMY DALE AND CHARLES PHILLIP)

R-25 **Tommy Dale**, born November 5, 1939.

R-26 **Charles Phillip**, born July 2, 1943.

CHILDREN OF (R-14) W. J. ROBERTSON AND JUNE WOOD

(WINIFRED ALLEN, DONALD LLOYD, AND JOHN)

R-27 **Winifred Allen**, born September 24, 1943.

R-28 **Donald Lloyd**, born July 25, 1945.

R-28½ **John**, born August, 1947.

CHILDREN OF (R-6) LORA ROBERTSON AND CRAYTON TEETER

(LESOLA, MARJORIE, WILLIAM AND SARAH JANE)

R-29 **Lesola**, born March 18, 1914 at Little Rock, Arkansas. Married, January 5, 1936 at Winfield, Kansas, to Keith Turner of Arkansas City, Kansas.

R-30 **Marjorie**, born December 31, 1915 at Little Rock, Arkansas. Married January 21, 1935 at Arkansas City, Kansas, to Ervin Goehring. (R-33)

R-31 **William**, born August 10, 1925 at El Dorado, Kansas. Married December 31, 1945 at Wichita, Kansas, to Mable Green of El Dorado, Kansas.

R-32 **Sarah Jane**, born October 27, 1927 at El Dorado, Kansas. Married July 5, 1946 at Washington, D. C., to James W. Hoagland of Washington, D. C.

CHILDREN OF (R-30) MARJORIE TEETER AND ERVIN GOEHRING

(MARTHA, BILLY AND JERRY)

R-33 **Martha**, born February, 1936, at Arkansas City, Kansas.

R-34 **Billy**, born March 29, 1937, at Cotton Valley, Louisiana.

R-35 **Jerry**, born December 22, 1938, at Longview, Texas.

CHILDREN OF (R-7) LOTTIE ROBERTSON AND EARL REDMOND

(EARLDEAN)

R-36 **Earldean**, born January 31, 1924, at Atkins, Arkansas. Married December 28, 1945, to B. C. McKenzie, Jr., son of B. C. McKenzie and Virdia Lee George, of Dardanelle, Arkansas.

CHILDREN OF (R-8) ARGUS ROBERTSON AND LOIS STEWART

(LEOTA, IDALEE, S. J., AND DON)

R-37 **Leota**, born July 31, 1920 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married July 14, 1943 to Harold Keener. (R-41)

R-38 **Idalee**, born October 15, 1922 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Married to William E. Butler on July 20, 1940.

R-39 **S. J.**, born April 30, 1925 at Pottsville, Arkansas.

R-40 **Don**, born June 5, 1939, at Pottsville, Arkansas.



## CHILDREN OF (R-37) LEOTA ROBERTSON AND HAROLD KEENER

## (JERRY AND NANCY ANN)

R-41 **Jerry**, born July 31, 1944.R-41½ **Nancy Ann**, born April 9, 1947.

## CHILDREN OF (R-10) PAULINE ROBERTSON AND KEITH OVERDYKE

## (KEITH AND SARAH JANE)

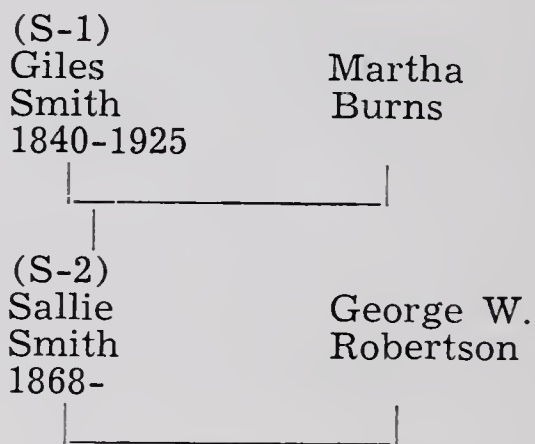
R-42 **Keith**, born July 19, 1939 at Shreveport, Louisiana.R-43 **Sarah Jane**, born June 23, 1942, at Shreveport, Louisiana.

## CHAPTER VII

### The Smiths

Your Grandmother Robertson was a Smith. Her earlier Smith ancestors came from North Carolina, but the first one we know was in Tennessee. He was Giles Smith and he married Martha Burns and had nine children, of whom Sallie, your grandmother, was the oldest. Her descendants have been shown on the Robertson Tree, for they are all Robertsons.

#### GENEALOGY



- S-1 **Giles Smith**, was born in North Carolina, on May 10, 1840. Moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee and married Martha Burns, August 29, 1867. Moved to Dixon, Missouri in 1869 and in 1871 to Logan County, Arkansas and in 1888 to Magazine, Arkansas, and then to Knoxville, Arkansas. She died December 20, 1930 at Knoxville. He died on April 17, 1925 at Knoxville, Arkansas. Both buried at Knoxville, Arkansas. (S-2)

#### CHILDREN OF (S-1) GILES SMITH AND (Burns-2) MARTHA BURNS

(**SALLIE**, Mahala, Alice, John, Minnie, George, William, Etta and Osie)

- S-2 **Sallie Smith**, born near Chattanooga, Tennessee, on August 22, 1868. Married George W. Robertson at Magazine, Arkansas on March 16, 1890. They live at Pottsville, Arkansas. (R-4)



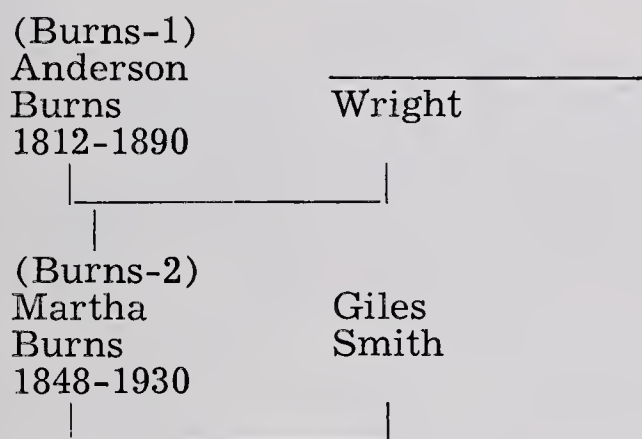


## CHAPTER VIII

### The Burns

Your mother's grandmother, Martha Smith, was Martha Burns—you know, Sallie Smith Robertson's mother—and she was Anderson Burns' daughter—from South Carolina. Anderson married a girl named Wright, but we don't know her first name. Martha was the seventh of nine children, all born at Ringold, Georgia.

#### GENEALOGY



Burns-1 **Anderson Burns**, born in South Carolina, about 1812 and moved to near Ringold, Georgia. Was of Irish parentage. Married \_\_\_\_\_ Wright about 1830. He died about 1890 at Ringold, Georgia. (Burns-2)

#### CHILDREN OF (Burns-1) ANDERSON BURNS AND \_\_\_\_\_ WRIGHT

(William, George, John, James, Samuel, Robert, **MARTHA**, Celia and Sarah)

Burns-2 **Martha Burns**, born October 8, 1848, at Ringold, Georgia. Married August 29, 1867, to Giles Smith of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Moved to Dixon, Missouri in 1869 and in 1871 to Logan County, Arkansas and in 1888 to Magazine, Arkansas and then to Knoxville, Arkansas. She died December 20, 1930 at Knoxville, Arkansas. He died April 17, 1925. Both are buried at Knoxville, Arkansas. (S-2)



## CHAPTER IX

### The Colstons

Your grandfather, George Robertson, was the son of James Robertson, whose wife was Sarah Colston, daughter of James Colston of Virginia. Her mother was Susan Jackson—one of the Stonewall Jacksons, it is said. Sarah is the “little Great-Grandmother” you remember we used to meet when we visited Grandpa Robertson at Pottsville, Arkansas.

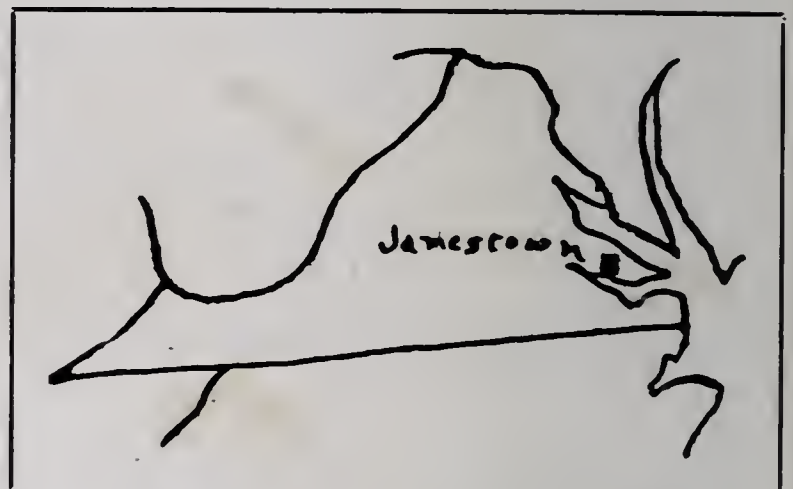
#### GENEALOGY

(C-1)  
James  
Colston  
1798-1870

Susan  
Jackson

(C-2)  
Sarah F.  
Colston  
1848-1938

James L.  
Robertson



C-1 **James Colston** was born in Virginia of English parentage, about 1798, and brought in childhood to Social Circle, Georgia. Served in Confederate Army when more than sixty years of age. Married Susan Jackson of Social Circle, Georgia, about 1835. She was a daughter of Sonk Jackson, of the Stonewall Jacksons. He died about 1870 at Social Circle, Georgia. (C-2)

#### CHILDREN OF (C-1) JAMES COLSTON AND SUSAN JACKSON

(Elizabeth, Jane, **SARAH F.**, William, George, Matilda, Ann and Amanda)

C-2 **Sarah F. Colston**, was born April 17, 1848, in Walton County, Georgia. Married James Lafayette Robertson, December 19, 1867. Emigrated to Knoxville, Arkansas in 1880. She died September 17, 1938 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Buried in Pisgah Cemetery at Pottsville, Arkansas. He died September 23, 1910 at Pottsville, Arkansas. Buried Pisgah Cemetery, Pottsville, Arkansas. (R-3)





Brewer





## PART II

### Our Family Story

And now, my sons, we come to the personal story of our family—a tale of the lives, loves and works of the men and women whose spans of existence make the chain that stretches from this day to that far away time when our remotest known ancestors emerged from the dim mists of the past—when they first had names that we can identify with our own—a little narrative of The Leverings, Brewers, Pecks, Fishes, Bursons, Brysons and the several roots of the Robertsons, to better acquaint you with their secret selves and the nearly forgotten accounts of their contributions to Our America.



## CHAPTER X

### Early Leverings

At Leverington, in Cambridgeshire, ninety miles north of London, England, in the midst of the ancient fens, we know that Leverings lived as long ago as the Fourteenth Century. We know from the writings of Ingulfus, Secretary to William the Conqueror, that Leverington (Leffrington) existed, as a village, as early as 870 A. D. From this we may say, without fear of overstatement, that the family name is one of the most ancient known today and that it had its origin in the name of that ancient town. In this vicinity, in the 1500's, lived great numbers of Puritans, Separatists and other ecclesiastical non-conformists, and, from here, they fled to Holland, to escape persecution by the Church and State. Leverings, there were, among them and, with them, sought safety in flight from the oppressors, across the seas to the Lowlands. And there, in Gemen, we meet them again, in the person of Rosier Levering's father, who, doubtless, was one of the fugitives of a generation before. Here we find him, living in exile in a land, foreign in language and customs to those of his native England. Often he must have yearned for a home on some friendly shore where he might hear again the tongue of his Mother Country, but he knew of none, so he stayed on, among the Dutch and reared his family. We do not know his name or when he left his home in England, but here he certainly lived.

Here, in Holland, his son, Rosier was born and grew up among the strangers to their native land, doubtless, often told by his father of his ancestral traditions and taught the English language, as best his father could, with the alien Lowlanders all about them. And so he grew to manhood and married Elizabeth Van de Walle, born in Wesel, and set

England  
Levering-  
ton

Flight to  
Holland

Rosier  
Levering



up his household in Gemen, where, among other children, **Gerhard Levering** our first American pioneer ancestor was born and reared.

I think of Rosier now, as a restless and dissatisfied man,——an alien, of alien parents in a foreign land, with his sons around him, recounting to them the traditions his father had taught him of their native England,——striving to keep alive in his offspring the hope that they might yet preserve their nationality and customs in some new land far from fear and persecution. For even in his own childhood——in the decade of 1630——there were the stories of the sturdy little band that, in 1620, had sailed away across the Western Sea to the far land of America to found on the rocky shores of Massachusetts, the tiny Plymouth Colony where the oppressor could not reach——where thought and worship were free.

Dangerous and fearsome as the prospect of such a journey might be, they must, nevertheless, have often discussed it, for, in 1682, when William Penn first launched his colony in Pennsylvania, that great colonizer knew of the desires of these English loving peoples to found a free land of their own and of their willingness to brave the dangers attendant on it. Knowing of it, he sent his agents to them and they listened.

Towering seas and unknown dangers of wilderness and savages could not deter them and when the first ship sailed from Holland to the far-away "Penns Woodland" in 1685 there were on it, Wigard Levering, his wife and children and his brother, Gerhard Levering, our ancestor, then a boy of sixteen, with all their worldly possessions. Having no money to pay their passage, they sold themselves into voluntary slavery as "indentured servants" to be carried to the new land. Arrived at Philadelphia, they contracted for lots on the site of Germantown and having paid for them, bought

**Emigration  
to America**

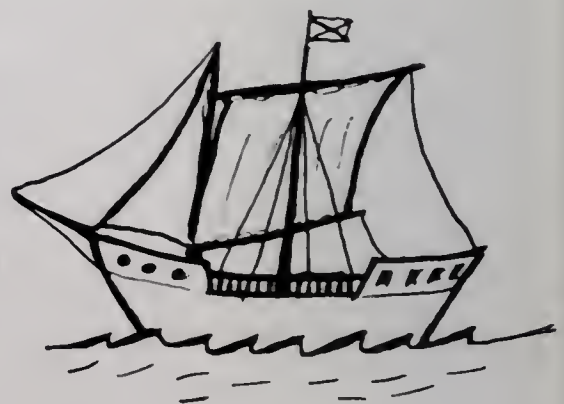
other lands, paying for them with the fruits of their labor and both of them eventually became extensive land owners.

Time went on and Gerhard married—we know of her only as Mary—in explanation of which, we have reason to believe that literacy was at a low point and our ancestor, then of doubtless low estate, had little of writing concerning his wife or marriage. A ceremony, perpetuated perhaps in some church record and the writings lost or burned——so the name and wedding date of this sturdy mother of ours must remain forever unknown.

They lived in Germantown, later at Whitpain, a dozen miles away, where, some time after 1731,——the specific date also unknown,——they died,——the new dynasty they had set up in the New World already taking shape in their descendants, now prolific in the second generation.

Gerhard Levering was a joiner——a carpenter. His first purchase of land was Lot 12 (fifty acres) in Germantown, in 1685. It was one of the original fifty-five lots laid out by the promoters. He was naturalized May 7, 1691. In 1692 he bought 100 acres in nearby Roxborough where he lived and raised his family. Thence he moved to Whitpain where he lived the rest of his life. He was one who loved the land and, in his later years, he bought 100 acres for each of his sons, doubtless to insure their settlement near him in his old age.

Land owners they were——all of them——and artisans——when artisans were the stout citizens of the New World,——who, with their hands and their skills and the sweat of their brows, created the houses, furniture, utensils and tools of husbandry, so indispensable to the pioneer life of the Colonies. Notable, throughout the whole history of the Leverings, is their versatility and ability in arts and skills of their time.



**Mary  
Levering**

**Gerhard in  
Pennsyl-  
vania**



## CHAPTER XI

### Daniel Levering

Gerhard's stout son, Daniel, our ancestor of the next generation,——also a pioneer artisan,——a blacksmith, born in 1704, lived and farmed and toiled at his forge for seventy-two years on the 100 acres, in Whitpain Township, his father had given him. Year in and year out we see him, working at his crops in the proper season and pumping on the bellows when the crops were tended and harvested. A most substantial and respected citizen of the community, his shop was doubtless the gathering place of the neighborhood on rainy days and many the time the politics and philosophies of the day were round-tabled to the accompaniment of his roaring forge and ringing anvil.

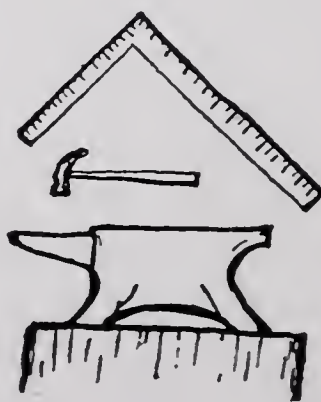
Practically in the shadow of the old State House, and almost within hearing of that Grand Old Bell that was shortly to ring out the Message of Liberty, can it be doubted that here, in this little forum, at least some of the glorious philosophies of our Republic were evolved for the first time in the minds of men! A patriot, he was——and of this we have positive proof, for in the authentic history of Whitpain Township, published many years ago, is the account of how, having made a cannon to arm the soon-to-be Revolutionaries, he essayed to test it, and in doing so, sat astride it to control its recoil and had his coattails——aye, and perhaps some of his pantaloons,——shot off, when the piece was fired.

Daniel's weapons doubtless went to war and did good service, too, but he did not, for in June, 1776, only the month before the Liberty Bell rang out its glad tidings, he lay down to die, the shots of Lexington and Concord already sounding

round the world. From the hands of such pitifully weak and desperate creators, came the weapons that won the battles of the New Republic in those stirring days of so long ago. Proud, we may be, to point to this ancestor, who was there and did his part when the hearts of strong men quailed in fear of The Tyrant across the sea.

**Margaret  
Beane**

Nine children came to bless his marriage, in 1735, with Margaret Beane. In the archives of Christ Church, in Philadelphia, is preserved the Marriage Register, which shows, "May 12, 1735, Daniel Levering and Margaret Beane, 12 sh. pd." She died in 1778. Both are buried at Boehm Church, in the neighborhood of their home so many years, and where, all their lives, they and their children had gathered to worship. His works of patriotism, nevertheless, went on, after him, in the deeds of his two sons, Henry, born June 10, 1738, who, by the way, is our next ancestor, and Jonathan, his younger brother.





## CHAPTER XII

### Henry Levering

Henry Levering, as I have indicated, followed in the footsteps of his ironworking father, and, when he was grown, went forth to seek his fortune in the great iron works at Durham, New Jersey, across the Delaware River, some fifty miles away, where he became an ironmaster and practiced his trade for more than a quarter of a century. In 1761, he married Ann Wynn (Wean, as her Welsh parents had spelled it), who had been born in 1744, at sea, in the middle of the Atlantic, on the good ship *Aurora*, Captain Pickerman, bound from Rotterdam, on which her parents were emigrating to Pennsylvania. Her father's name was Pontius Wean, but, as spelled by the ship master and afterward by the Naturalization Officer, Pontius Wearn, though, since he probably never read it, the error made no difference. It so appears in the Pennsylvania Archives, at any rate, and is official. Following the custom of shipping records of the time, his wife's name does not appear nor have I been able to discover it, though for physical reasons quite obvious, she must have been on the "Good Ship *Aurora*" also.

**Ann  
Wynn**

**Pontius  
Wean**

The War of the Revolution found Henry busily working at his trade in Durham, in the very midst of the invading Redcoats, where Continentals and Hessians marched and countermarched continually around him. I like to think of him as one who, toiling at forge and hearth, made at least some of the weapons the patriots used so valiantly at Trenton and Princeton——aye, and who likely fired them too, for in those days a patriot was both armorer and soldier, too, when occasion required. Henry was a Minute Man at Durham and the leader of a guerilla band that prowled about the British camps, waylaid stragglers, killed foragers and de-

**Henry  
in the  
Revolution**



stroyed wagon and supply trains when darkness and opportunity offered.

Harry Emerson Wildes, in his book, "The Delaware" of the "Rivers of America" series, specially mentions the excellent "Durham" 60-foot, double-ended freight boats, used for shipping iron along the Delaware which, manned by Marblehead fishermen, actually carried Washington and his army when they "crossed the Delaware" to attack the Hessians that Christmas night so long ago. And perhaps Henry, too, was there to pull an oar.

Weary, no doubt, of the toil and trouble of war, and, we know, suffering from deafness, and doubtless lured by



Henry Levering's home built in 1790, Bedford County, Pa.

*"It had a two-story porch along the east front——"*

dreams of pioneering and the venturesome and romantic tales of Fort Bedford and the rich Juniata Valley, he turned westward, in 1785, when peace returned. With his sister, Sebah Martin, and his whole family——now 12 children——two more were to be born in Pennsylvania——he left the iron



works and took up his home in the new settlement at Needmore, near Whips Cove, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where he bought a farm of 300 acres and spent the rest of his life in farming and blacksmithing.

**Emigration  
to  
Bedford  
County**

His brother, Jonathan, could follow him only in spirit, for he, a Soldier of The Revolution, had been killed by the British at the Battle of Fort Washington, in 1776. Just a hundred years, it was, since the first Leverings had trod the Soil of Freedom, and Freedom, as ever, was already exacting the blood of patriots to defend it.

In 1790, he built on this farm, a large and comfortable house that withstood the elements for more than a hundred years, before, in 1916, it was torn down. It stood on a slope, the lower story built of uncut stone and the upper part of logs, later weatherboarded, and had a two-story porch along the east front with a springhouse a few feet to the side. A large double door, opening into one half of the lower or ground floor, indicates that in this room Henry had his blacksmith shop, in the early days, though a large fireplace with cooking cranes shows that it was later used for living quarters. There were five fireplaces in the structure and the chimneys above them were of home-made brick, extending all the way up above the roof to a broad chimney-pot at each end.

**Life in  
Bedford  
County**

On the slope above the house, a hundred yards away, is a small graveyard with, in 1946, a score or so of identifiable graves, all marked with brown sandstone markers, rounded at the top, but totally unlettered. There are indications that many more burials have been made here and it is likely, since there are very few burying grounds in the valley that date back as far as Henry Levering, that this was a neighborhood cemetery, open to the use of everyone in its early days. Here are the graves of Henry and Ann, we are told, and the grave of "the first Methodist preacher that ever came into the valley," as the locals still tell it in 1946, and,

doubtless, the graves of many other pioneer Leverings, Brewers and Pecks and their contemporaries—their lives and works now forgotten—their descendants scattered and unknown.

The land about is gently rolling and slopes generally eastward from the base of Sidelinghill Mountain which, as shown by Henry's title papers, was the western boundary of his farm. The land is luxuriously fertile, even in the steeper portions, and one wonders what tales of the riches of Ohio led our ancestors to desert it for the terrible journey over the mountains and the far off backwoods in the Valley of Owl Creek.

Of the fourteen children,—twelve in New Jersey and two in Pennsylvania,—ten lived to maturity and, of these, six renewed the Western pilgrimage and their bones now rest in the soil of the romantic and thrilling Ohio Country, in the settlement and civilization of which they labored mightily and contributed a substantial part. But for the time, at least, here, in the region of the beautiful Juniata River, in the heart of the Pennsylvania Backwoods, we may mark the next stopping place of the ever westering Leverings.

The Fort Pitt wagon road ran close by and Fort Bedford and the village of Raystown (now Bedford) were not far away but the Indians and wild beasts were all about, and more than thirty years was to pass before the end of scalpings and massacres by the red men. Giant forests of massive trees were all about and years were spent in clearing away trees and underbrush, building houses and outbuildings and getting the land under cultivation. Axe and plow—and long rifle, too,—were forever at work, as was every able member of the family. The clearing, ever widening, ate up the forest till the wilderness became farms and the wild beasts and Indians became only things the Old Folks talked about. The children grew and married other children that had grown up in the neighborhood, and cleared other farms,

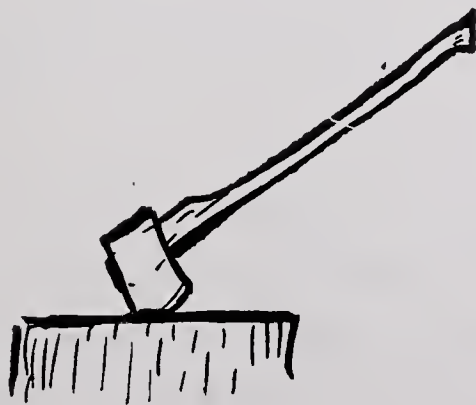


till, here, in the encircling forests and mountains, a new dynasty was founded—a new milestone set in the New Frontier and a new fountain head from which flowed new streams of new Leverings,—and Brewers too,—toward newer and newer Frontiers.

The old ones died—and many a young one, too—Henry, in 1810, Ann, in 1822, and, in the tiny graveyard on the slope above their home, on the farm they had so dauntlessly torn from the wilderness, they lie buried, side by side, as they had lived and worked.

Their fifth child, Mary, and their tenth child, William, are both in our immediate line of ancestry and these children must therefore be traced separately until we see their descendants, in the third generation after Mary and the second generation after William, joining again, in Morrow County, Ohio, in the marriage of my father and mother, Lloyd Brewer and Elmira Levering, in 1890.

This fifth child, Mary Levering, was born in New Jersey, in 1771, and came with her parents to the new home in Bedford County. And here, in the valley, by nearby Sidelinghill Mountain, dwelt a pioneer woodsman, named Henry Brewer, with his family of, as I have often heard my Grandfather, Denton Brewer, say, “six tall, finelooking sons.”



## CHAPTER XIII

### Henry Brewer and Early Brewers

Henry Brewer was one of the oldest of the pioneers of the Valley and his name appears as a taxpayer of Ayr Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1773, and Bethel Township, of that County, in 1774. He was the immediate neighbor of Henry Levering on the east and of Conrad Peck I, on the west and their families were close in friendship as well. He was born about 1715 in what is now Brunswick County, Virginia, on a plantation owned by his father, George Brewer. In his younger days he was a woodsman, "Long Hunter," trapper and Indian fighter and, tradition relates, was one of the "Long Riflemen" so feared by the French officers. His personal history is vague between the days of his youth in Virginia and the time when he came to Bedford County, but, in tradition, he came to Pennsylvania in the early 1760's with old Conrad Peck I, who had been his comrade in the Indian Wars, and, closely following the establishment of Fort Bedford, some forty miles to the northward, built his cabin, set up his family and grimly took up the task of wresting a home from the new wilderness.

His family history goes back to the earliest Virginia settlement at Jamestown—even further, to London in the 1500's—and his family name is written on the immortal "Battle Abbey Roll" of Senlac or Hastings, identifying a trusted Lieutenant of William the Conqueror in the year 1066. (See Page 27.)

It was more than a hundred and fifty years before Old Henry Brewer laid his hearthstone in the Land of the Juniata, that John Brewer, a merchant and grocer of London, Bartholomew Lane, was writing his Will, naming his wife, Mary Grove, daughter of Ralph Grove of the Temple and of Canterbury, and his children, John, Roger and Margaret.



He likewise named his father, Thomas Brewer and his uncle, Roger Drake of London, which shows that his mother's maiden name was Drake. His Will leaves the impression that he was a citizen of eminence and respectability in the City of London. In 1629-30, we see this same John Brewer, since emigrated to Virginia, proprietor of two large estates, Brewers Neck and a tract in Stanley Hundred in Warwick River, Virginia, Representative to the Virginia House of Burgesses, which met in the wooden church in Old Jamestown, and already a man of power and influence in the new land.

**Five  
Genera-  
tions of  
Brewers  
in Virginia**

That his mother's name was Drake suggests that she was a relative of the distinguished Sir Francis Drake of Spanish Armada fame. The Drakes were already firmly associated with the Americas for Sir Francis had made many voyages there to raid and plunder the Spanish Colonies and the trading ships of the Spanish Main. It was he who, in 1586, rescued the ill-fated Roanoke Colony—England's first attempt to settle the American shores—and who, in 1588, struck such a mighty blow for English Supremacy in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. He died on shipboard in 1595 and was buried at sea, as befits a naval hero.

Doubtless the adventurous traits of the Drakes contributed to John's pioneering instincts and sped him on his way to the New World. He possibly knew the bold Sir Francis personally, for he was a grown young man before 1595—may even have sailed on his ships—even may have touched the shores of America to raid and rob the Spaniards. He surely was Drake's great admirer, for did he not name his son Francis after that all-time Prince of Privateers? He was known as John Brewer of Brewers Neck. Just across the James River from Jamestown, he lived, raised his family and hewed at the timbers that were to become the framework of the Land of Freedom. He died in 1635 and his Will was

filed in London, May 6, 1635, for there was no recognized probate court in Virginia.

**John  
Brewer II**

His son, John Brewer II, was born in London and, while yet a youngster, sailed at his father's side, in one of the little wooden ships of those days, across the fearsome ocean, to share the toil and honor of founding the New Empire. Little did he know——and little his father knew——that the flickering spark they so prayerfully nurtured would, one day, shoot aloft and be the pillar of flame to lighten the World's people——to be the "Arsenal of Democracy"——the envy of all Nations——the Shrine of Freedom——the Hope of the World! He came to a bleak and cheerless wilderness where danger lurked in every bush and sudden death might flash from any tree. He might have known Pocahontas or Captain John Smith. He certainly became intimate with all of the leading men of his time for, in 1657-58 he was a member of the House of Burgesses, as his father had been, nearly thirty years before.

He married——we know not whom but her first name was Ann——and after his father died, lived on at Stanley Hundred where he raised his family and did his part to establish the principles we now call Democracy. He died in 1669, leaving a nuncupative Will wherein he gave his son, John Brewer III, "Stanley Hundred" and his son, Thomas, "The land whereon he lives," and named two daughters, Mary and Ann. He also left personal property, as shown by the inventory of his estate, including 87,621 lbs. of tobacco, 155 L. gold and silver money and 78 oz. of valuable plate.

**John  
Brewer III**

John Brewer III may have lived on Stanley Hundred for a time, but he seems to have been living in what is now Brunswick County at the time of his death, whereas Stanley Hundred appears to lie fifty miles northeast of Brunswick. Virginia grew westward from the coast, toward the mountains——settlers slowly driving back the Indians and pushing their clearings up the rivers, further and further from the



founding place. The district south of the James was first known as Nansemond County, out of the western portion of which, came Isle of Wight, then Southampton, Sussex, Greenville and Brunswick, in succession, to the westward, as settlement progressed. John III had lived through the trying days of the Civil War in England,—the Cromwell Protectorate,—the whims and prejudices of Parliament and a succession of weak and evil Colonial Governors who kept the settlement in constant uproar. He saw—and doubtless had a part in—Bacons Rebellion, in 1676. Settlers, south of the James, were a bit more of the “Rugged Individual” type and less sympathetic toward the King. The utter wilderness was “just out back,” from their perilous frontier and offered a ready haven for any “too outspoken” dissenter—so defiance of authority was, here, of a higher order.

We have no details of this sturdy ancestor's death, but Governor Berkeley's “Hanging List” does not contain his name. His departure for the West and the “outland” Brunswick County area was doubtless due to the Governor's neck-tie party.\*

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\*Bacon was a patriot whose cause was lost—so history has branded him a “Rebel.” A greedy monarch and a spiteful and child-like governor spared no pains to heap calumnies and curses on his memory. The battle with the swamps and forests decided the issue in this first struggle for American Independence and this original true patriot died, a fugitive from The Tyrant, in some hidden retreat—a victim of malaria, dysentery and starvation. His comrades hid his body away in burial and where it lies, no man can say. The wicked Berkeley dug up the coffin, that he might hang the poor, wasted body in public disgrace, but it contained only stones and earth—and the Tyrant was denied his cruel orgy. He, nevertheless, pursued those others who had aided the patriot cause and his hangings and persecutions became so vicious that even the King expressed his disgust.

Bacon's two chief lieutenants were the particular objects of Berkeley's revenge and he was able, finally, to seize and hang Drummond, though Richard Lawrence and a few trusted followers seem to have escaped him. They fled towards the Roanoke, in snow and winter rain, and the Governor gave up the pursuit when some

When he died, he left no Will, though, apparently, he had some wealth, and the names of some of his children are uncertain. He was probably the first of the Brewers to "go West" from the original "Brewers Neck" country and, since the wilderness does not inspire writings or the keeping of records, some of his personal life is lost to us.

One of his sons was George——apparently a rugged and fearless man of the Frontier. George grew up in the Backwoods, stubbornly holding back the savages and watching civilization move up to his rude clearing. Prolific, he was, as well, and married Sarah Lanier, the daughter of John Lanier, a participant in Bacons Rebellion and a fugitive from Governor Berkeley and the King, and a relative of Sidney Lanier, the famous Southern poet. By her, he had ten children, William, Oliver, Henry, Nathaniel, Sarah, Lanier, George, Nicholas, John and Howell——then, when she died, married Alice ..... by whom he had several more children. He lived and in 1744, died, in Brunswick County, leaving his second wife, Alice, and the greatest host of progeny yet discovered in this genealogy.

George's children, though numerous, were by no means all of the Brewers in Brunswick County. A search of the deed records which I made, in 1947, disclosed 92 deeds between 1737 and 1853, bearing the Brewer name. There were William, John, Susan, Dorothy, Willie, Yearly, Lewis, Peter, Robert, Nicholas, Henry, James, Jesse, Lucy, Obedience,

friendly Indians reported that the fugitives had been drowned while crossing a river——a story doubtless spread by the patriots themselves, for, in after years, the valleys and mountains of Brunswick County, towards which they had been fleeing, were populated by an amazing number of reputed "Rebels" and the county seat now bears the name of Lawrenceville. Rebels or not, this spot was literally bursting with Brewers for a century afterwards and the name is respected there to this day——all of which leads me to say that I like to think——in fact, I believe——that John Brewer III and his clan were their fugitive forbears and that we may claim, for our fathers, a share in this first blow for Liberty.

George  
Brewer

Brunswick  
County  
Virginia



Horace, Lanier, George, Sylvanius, Oliver, Boyce and Thomas and many repetitions in the several generations of that period.

The county must have been largely populated by Brewers if we are to estimate them by their activity in real estate. Judging by the dates, the Brewers living there in the earlier 1700's would have been George (father of Henry), William, James, Horace, and Peter, probably brothers——and, doubtless, the progenitors of the host of others that appear later in the records.

John Brewer III (the Rebel of Bacons Rebellion) was their father and their neighbors would have been the Brownes, Highs, Butlers, Laniers, Williams, Linches, Colliers, Woodruffs, Fields, Hills and Walls——any number of whom may have been and probably were their brothers-in-law or sons-in-law. Berkeleys wrath had driven them all from their homes at Jamestown and having come to this backwoods area to escape him, they made common cause of their isolation, intermarried, conquered the wilderness and the Indians and reared new generations of Rebels whose Revolution, a century later, achieved the American Independence dimly glimpsed by the heroic Bacon.

George was a Mason and left a Masonic Will, naming all of his first family and some of his second. To Henry Brewer, our backwoods ancestor, he gave "all that tract of land between Fountains Creek and Rattlesnake Creek, a young horse we call Patrick and a gun."

In 1947, with my son, Charles, I made a journey to Rattlesnake Creek to see the kind of land these old fathers of ours had lived on and to touch with my hands the earth their crude tools had cultivated so long ago. I doubted if I could find it but was agreeably surprised to find a number of elders in the vicinity who knew of the "Old Brewer Lands,"——of Rattlesnake Creek,——even of the old Brewer Family ceme-

tery on its banks and of the broad knoll nearby, where, they maintained, the homestead had stood so long ago. One old timer, with almost servile willingness, set out to show us the spot.

Down a long grassy lane, he directed our car, till the woods and brush made further progress hazardous and we climbed out to finish the trip on foot.

Rattlesnake  
Creek

We followed the wooded banks of the Rattlesnake for a half mile or so, then crossed on a fallen log to the north side, where we pushed on for a mile or two till we came to a broad plateau with scattered fields in cultivation and the rest eroded away in gullies and ditches. Our guide announced that this was the place and pointed out various spots of interest, reserving, for the last, his declaration that the family cemetery was "jis down 'ere nex' the crick if The Cap'n want ter see it." The Cap'n did and after a little uncertainty and much crawling through vines and brush, we came to it and saw a rather wide area——an acre or two——covered with century plants and shaded by a thick grove of small pines where the low mounds and sunken spots and the "crick stone" markers undeniably indicated our ancient burying place. I stooped down to inspect one of the little monuments and, rising, was surprised to find myself wondering what Brewers name should have been written there and how many of our clan had stooped there to lay a flower and perhaps to drop a tear. William Brewer, to whom George's Will had given this tract, had sold it, in 1773, to James Wall (Book 11, P. 80) "saving and excepting the graveyard wherein my father and mother are buried." Here, I think it is safe to say, are buried Old George Brewer and Sarah Lanier and possibly John III and the wife who was exiled here with him nearly three hundred years ago.

It was here that the Brewers swarmed and scattered. New frontiers were opening everywhere——the Carolinas, Georgia, Upper Virginia, Western Pennsylvania, Tennessee



and Kentucky. The days of "Wilderness Road," "The Ohio Company"\* and "The Dark and Bloody Ground" were at hand. Brewers set off in all directions——Oliver, George Jr., Lanier, Sarah, Burwell and William to the South——Nathaniel, John, Nicholas and others, to the West——and some disappeared——killed by Indians——drowned in the rivers or slain by wild beasts. Scarcely is there a surrounding state where their traces are not seen, in names of towns, rivers, mountains, counties and townships. Fearless, acquisitive and curious, their names and deeds are found in the historic lore of almost every state in the Union. It would be a grand adventure to seek them out, from all the lands and climes where they have sought their pleasures,——for, to them, adventure was pleasure——but time does not permit——nor

**Brewers  
Scatter**

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\*The Ohio Company of Virginia was organized in 1748, by mostly Virginians, to build forts, make settlements, and trade in the Ohio Country and Western Pennsylvania with the idea of pre-empting the French. These organizers were of the cream of Virginia aristocracy——rich and influential. They formed a joint stock company——a corporation rather than a partnership. They built a fort, storehouse and business headquarters at Wills Creek, now in Cumberland, Md., in 1749 and two or three years later, through the efforts of Christopher Gist, a storehouse and fort near the mouth of Redstone Creek on the Monongahela known as Redstone Old Fort.

The French opposed them and competed for favor with the Indians till the end of the French and Indian War, when new colonial policies of settlement and land grants brought about the final dissolution of the company. But its effects had been great and far-reaching in the exploration and conquest of the Western lands. To the ambition of its members must go much of the credit for arousing the British interest in settling the lands of the Ohio before the French had time to occupy them in force.

The doughty Gist who headed the actual expeditions into the wilderness had had his home on the Yadkin River in the 1740's, not far from the birthplace of Henry Brewer, just before he took over the expedition for the Ohio Company. I am persuaded that Henry was his comrade in exploring Ohio and Pennsylvania in 1749 and that in this pioneering, during the next ten years, earned his reputation as a "Long Hunter." I am further persuaded that, because of this association, Henry named his son, Christopher, after the famous Gist for never before in the family had that given name appeared.

am I equal to the task——so, back to Henry, his land, his horse and his gun.

Henry took Patrick and the gun and left the land behind when he took up the life of a woodsman, trapper and Indian fighter and, for nearly twenty years, roamed the Frontier Wilderness, scorning the easy life that could have been his, had he chosen to stay with his land.

The mountaineering pursuits of his youth must have so occupied his attention that he had no time for marriage. He seems not to have married, at any rate, until well into middle age and then to have married Christiana, a young woman, whose maiden name we do not know but who so far outdid him in youth and vigor that, after giving birth to his ten children, she remarried, the next year after his death.

He lived in a romantic and venturesome era. Born in the early 1700's, he witnessed the phenomenal growth of the Colonies and the rise of bitter competition between France and England, for predominance in America. He saw the British crowd out the Dutch and Swedes and overpower the French. He was a part of the incessant battle to drive the Indians over the Alleghenies, and watched the steady movement of the settlers, westward, in their wake, even across the highest ridges and into the valley of the Mississippi, beyond. Boone, Croghan, Robertson, Sevier, Gist, and George Washington shared the wilderness trails with him, and many the tales he could have told, had he known how eagerly we would listen. He might have seen——and may have accompanied——Washington, at Great Meadows and might have lain in ambush to slay the wily Jumonville. He might have seen Braddock, on his expedition to drive the French from Fort Duquesne——and Colonel Washington's buckskin-clad scouts who guided them——might even have been with them and seen their disastrous defeat, with Braddock slain in battle and buried in the trail, to hide him from the scalp-ers. He saw the rising tyranny of Britain and heard the



mutterings of the War for Independence. He lived to see his sons in arms, against the Mother Country——nay, perhaps even took the trail with them——and, for nearly twenty years afterward, enjoyed the Independence, so dearly bought with toil, blood and tears.

On September 28, 1772, he sold the land of his Virginia inheritance, to James Wall and the next year, 1773, we find him a landowner and taxpayer, in Ayr Township, Bedford (now Fulton) County, Pennsylvania.\* He already had a growing family of children and was anxious to settle down, so here he came to the sunny slope of Sidelinghill Mountain and, in the Land of the Juniata, set up the new dynasty that was to father another wave of pioneering sons and daughters and more waves that would sweep over the Alleghenies, across the plains and deserts and around the white-capped peaks of the Rockies and would people the New

**Brewers  
Move to  
Pennsyl-  
vania**

*\*In Western Pennsylvania as in other parts of our frontiers the first white men to visit the country were hunters, traders, trappers and renegades of one sort or another who had lived so long in the wilderness or taken to it so quickly and easily that they were almost savages themselves. Next came those men who intended to make the country their home. These first genuine settlers "almost without exception came from the frontier counties of Virginia and Maryland, chiefly from the former." It is believed that even these did not have their women and children with them until after the dangers from Indian hostilities which attended and followed the old French War had subsided. ("Child Life in Western Pennsylvania", by Percy B. Caley).*

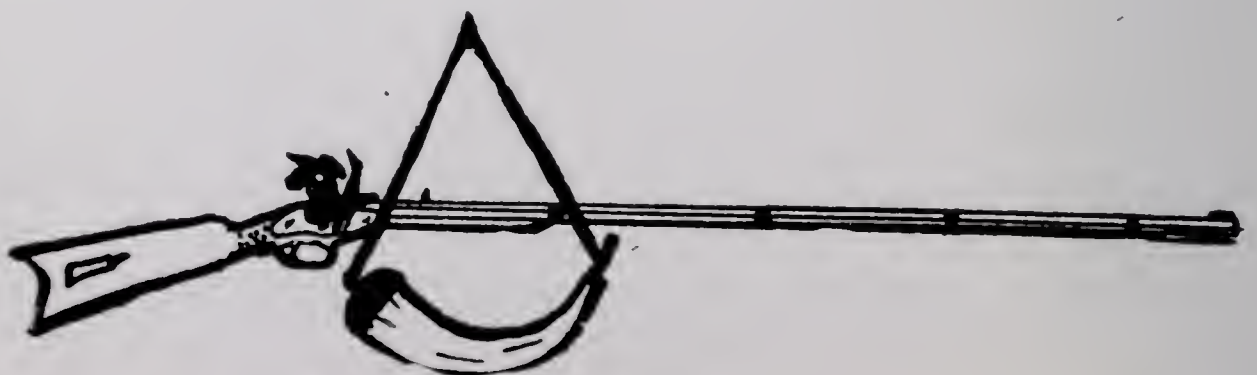
Mr. Caley's interesting "Child Life" is an absorbing account of life in the backwoods days. He says the genuine settlers——"Men who intended to make the country their home", came alone to Western Pennsylvania and their families came later. This checks exactly with the legend of Henry Brewer. He kept his family——or perhaps they kept themselves——somewhere along the upper Potomac, probably Williamsport, till the Indian hostilities were over. But in the meantime he "intended to make the country his home" and singlehanded, joined those others who took over after the passing of the "hunters, traders, trappers and renegades" and the Indians who had been their hosts. And a few years afterwards, in 1772, convinced that the country was safe, he sold his Virginia land and, in 1773, bought a home in the new wilderness and brought his family there.

Land, from North to South, to the far shores of the Western Sea.

He was a Mason and his Will,——Will Book 1, Page 25, Bedford County, Pennsylvania Records, Probated March 5, 1799——also a Masonic Will, as his father, George's, had been——names his wife, Christiana, four daughters and six sons as beneficiaries. He had had large land holdings, both by patent and by purchase, but had given most of them to his children before his death. He died at a ripe old age in his Pennsylvania home where he had lived so long, children and grandchildren all around him like the Patriarch of old, and the land he had journeyed so far to see and fought so hard to hold, took him to itself forever.

I sought through all the ancient burying grounds to find his grave, but could not. I think he is buried in the Henry Levering Cemetery, along with so many of his friends and neighbors——that likely one of the little round-topped, unlettered, brown, sandstone headstones was planted there by our old pioneer ancestor, Henry Levering, to mark the resting place of this old frontiersman partner he had loved so long and well. But to his family again and his six “tall fine looking sons” lest we tarry too long with his legend.

Three of these “tall fine-looking sons” married three of the daughters of their neighbors, Henry Levering and Ann, and, among them, was John Brewer, who married Mary Levering. We shall turn later to the account of their lives, fortunes and descendants, for, like all of the family, they did have descendants and many of them, as we shall see.

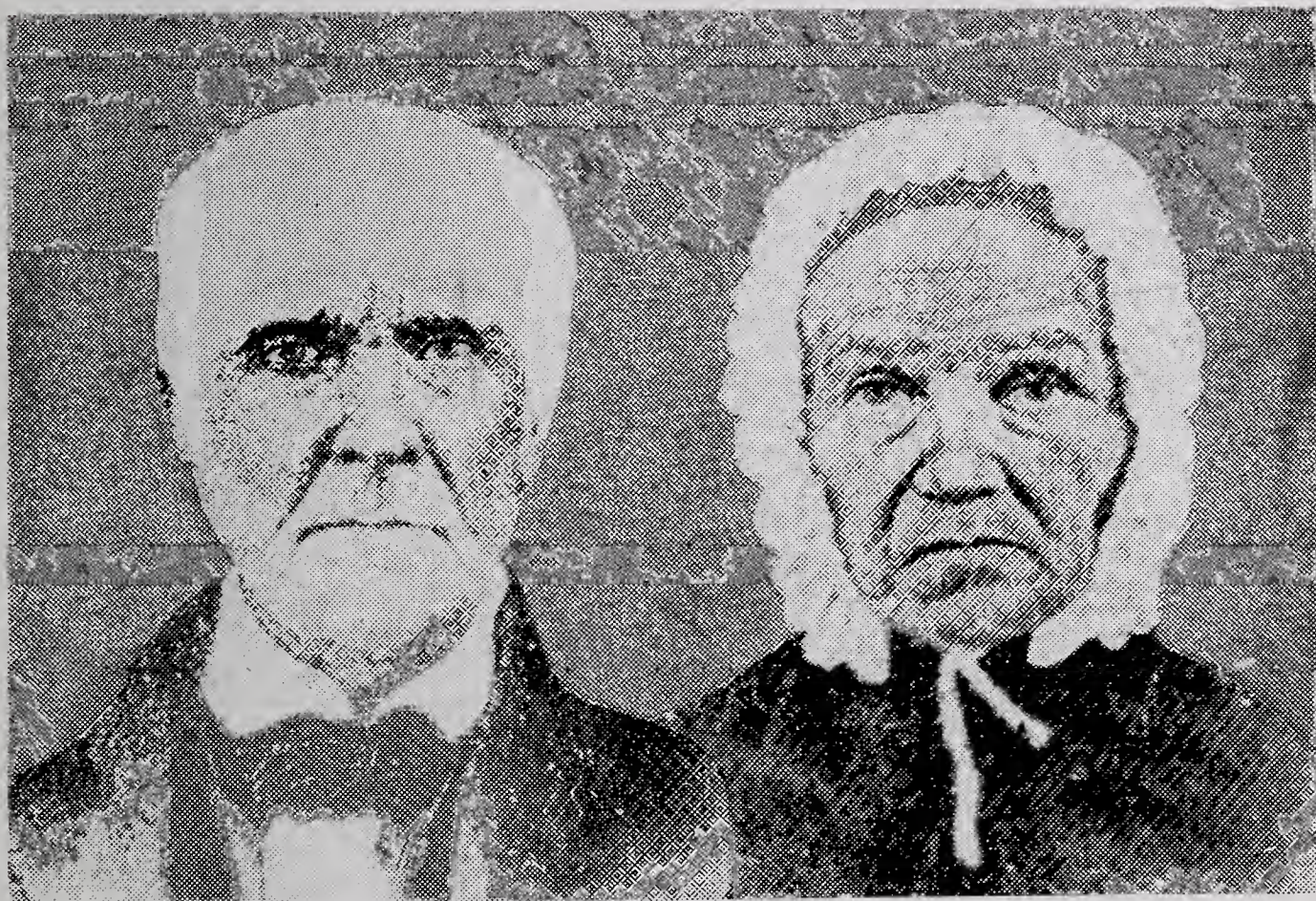




## CHAPTER XIV

### William Levering

But for the present we shall leave them, husband and wife, full of love and youth, in the land of the Blue Juniata and will go back again and follow the now other ancestral chain, in the person of William Levering, Mary's brother, the tenth child of Henry and Ann Levering and already above referred to. He was born in 1780, at Durham Iron Works, in New Jersey, and at the age of five, rode sturdily alongside his father, on the great ox-drawn wagon, over the awe-in-



William Levering and Ruth Bryson, his wife.

*“And, ere they died, they saw the wilderness transformed into a peaceful land——”*

spiring mountains, to the Sidelinghill Valley that was to be their home, and where, by now, he had grown to manhood.

Here, in the valley, also lived Archibald Bryson, a pioneer Scotchman, who had a daughter, Ruth, whose destinies



Ruth  
Bryson

are linked with ours, for she became William's wife and his partner in pioneering for more than half a century. She had been born at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, in 1780, and her father had been born in Scotland, in 1746, just two months after his Highlander father, David Bryson, had been killed in the Battle of Culloden. Her mother was Polly Hale, an English Quakeress who was related to Sir Matthew Hale, Judge of Kings Bench in England. They were both related to Robert Bruce II, King of Scotland. They had met and been married at Valley Forge, where Archibald was an iron-master, and, after the birth of Ruth, had moved to Bedford County where William and Ruth were married in 1802.

William  
Levering  
Explores  
Ohio

The elder Leverings, being now advanced in years——Henry was 64, Ann 58——the bride and groom took up their residence on the Old Homestead and farmed it, jointly, with the Oldsters. But this was the time of pioneering and western migration and our William and Ruth, young and adventurous, soon joined the westward throng. In 1810, William, (a Methodist) with John Ackerman and Elder William Cook, (Old School Baptists) set out on horseback to explore the Ohio Country and prepare to move their families there. For 340 miles they rode, through Wheeling, Zanesville, Newark, Mt. Vernon and Fredericktown, and into the Owl Creek Valley. First they went up the South Branch, toward Luzerne, where they found the best land already occupied. Retracing their steps to Fredericktown, they turned into the valley of the North Branch, and, near the point where Waterford (Levering Post Office) now is, they entered their claims, William taking the northwest quarter of Section Five, Range 19, Township 18, in Morrow County, Ohio, being the quarter section now in the southeast corner of the intersection of State Highway 314 and the North Branch of Owl Creek, now known as the Kokosing River. Back to Bedford County he went, to prepare to move. But his father, Henry died and the farm and widowed moth-



er needed his help, so he stayed until 1816 to make arrangements. During this time he farmed, blacksmithed, made a still and manufactured Brandy, Cider Oil, Apple Jack, Cherry Bounce, and probably Whiskey, out of which he made a handsome profit and obtained the money to pay for his new lands,——and begat children——at not so much profit.

The War of 1812 and the threat of British invasion of the Ohio Country having closed the Western Land Offices, he had to go to the General Land Office at Washington to enter his lands. While there, he was summoned to the White House, at the behest of President James Madison, to give information about the Ohio Country and its development. Greatly pleased with the report, the President expressed confidence that the British would soon be driven out and that the country would improve rapidly to be equal, in time, to the older countries of Europe. So might it be, but before the year was out, on August 23, 1814, the British burned the White House and the hopeful President and all his retinue were forced to flee for their lives, leaving all their possessions behind. William returned home, highly elated over his adventure and seeing the President in the White House——the President who, as William told, “went to the fireplace and stirred the fire with the tongs just as would any common man who was not The President”. Many the times he told the tale in the years afterwards and great the pride he took in the telling. And how his eyes flashed and his temper flared when the local wags would ask him for proof of his adventure, for, alone in Washington, he had no one to vouch for his account of the happenings there. His only retort was, “Ask the President for yourself!”

**William's  
Adventure  
in White  
House**

In 1816, he journeyed to his Ohio lands, intending to build a cabin. But the axe handle blistered his hand and it got infected and became so painful and dangerously swollen, he had to return. But before he did so, he hired a neighbor

William  
and Ruth  
Emigrate  
to Ohio

to build the cabin for him and here it was that he brought his family the next autumn. He made arrangements for the care of his mother, who was now tremendously fat and weighed 400 pounds,——and, with his wife and five sons, set out for their new home in the wilderness. Their faces firmly westward, the pioneering Leverings once more are on their way to fight, dig and carve out the destiny of the ever retreating Frontier of America. In October, 1816, they started with a four horse wagon, loaded with an old style English bed and all of their provisions, cooking and camping equipment, farming implements, live stock and money. Emblematic of their purpose, stowed away in the clumsy vehicle, were five new axes——one for each of the serious-faced little boys——forged and handled by the craft and skill of their father in Grandfather's blacksmith shop in the land of the Juniata.

With a neighbor's two horse team hitched on ahead, to pull them to the top of Sidelinghill Mountain, they made their start. At the summit they rested, ate dinner together, said farewell to their helpful neighbor, took a long, last look at the valley that was to be their home no more and started the westward descent that was to end in the backwoods of Owl Creek. Three cows walked behind and furnished milk and butter for the hardy little band. Indians and wild beasts were all about and a careful lookout had to be kept against marauders of the civilized variety, as well. Over mountains, through valleys, neath sunshine and storm, wading, bridging and ferrying rivers, they arrived at their new home on November 5, 1816, where, less than three months later, their eldest son, Allen, aged eleven, was to be borne to the first grave in the Levering Cemetery. Death was no stranger to them, for their firstborn, Archibald, had died, at two years, in Pennsylvania, yet what must have filled the hearts of these poor strangers to the valley, when tragedy and separation struck so soon!



Then followed months and years of toil, through sorrow and joy, triumph and despair—for half a century, before they could join the little fellow, in the cemetery on the hillside. Houses and barns to build, land to clear, roads to make, churches and schools to found, mills for meal and shops for tools, furniture and implements. Dams for power, —kilns for lime,—kettles for salt,—tanneries for leather,—looms for weaving—all to be made by hand and pioneer skill.

**Life in  
Owl Creek  
Valley**

They bent to the task with a will and if their handiwork was often rough, it must be said, as well, that it was rugged and sufficient unto the task it was set to do. And, ere they died, they saw the wilderness transformed into a peaceful land with roads and bridges everywhere,—schools and churches in abundance,—mills and factories for every need—railroads and canals for commerce—and ever and anon, a Levering, bidding his kinsmen farewell, to seek a new home and a new frontier in the lands beyond the yellow sunset—for these were Pioneers—to them the trail forever beckoned—to the new—to the untried—to oblivion.



William Levering's home on Owl Creek, built in 1823.

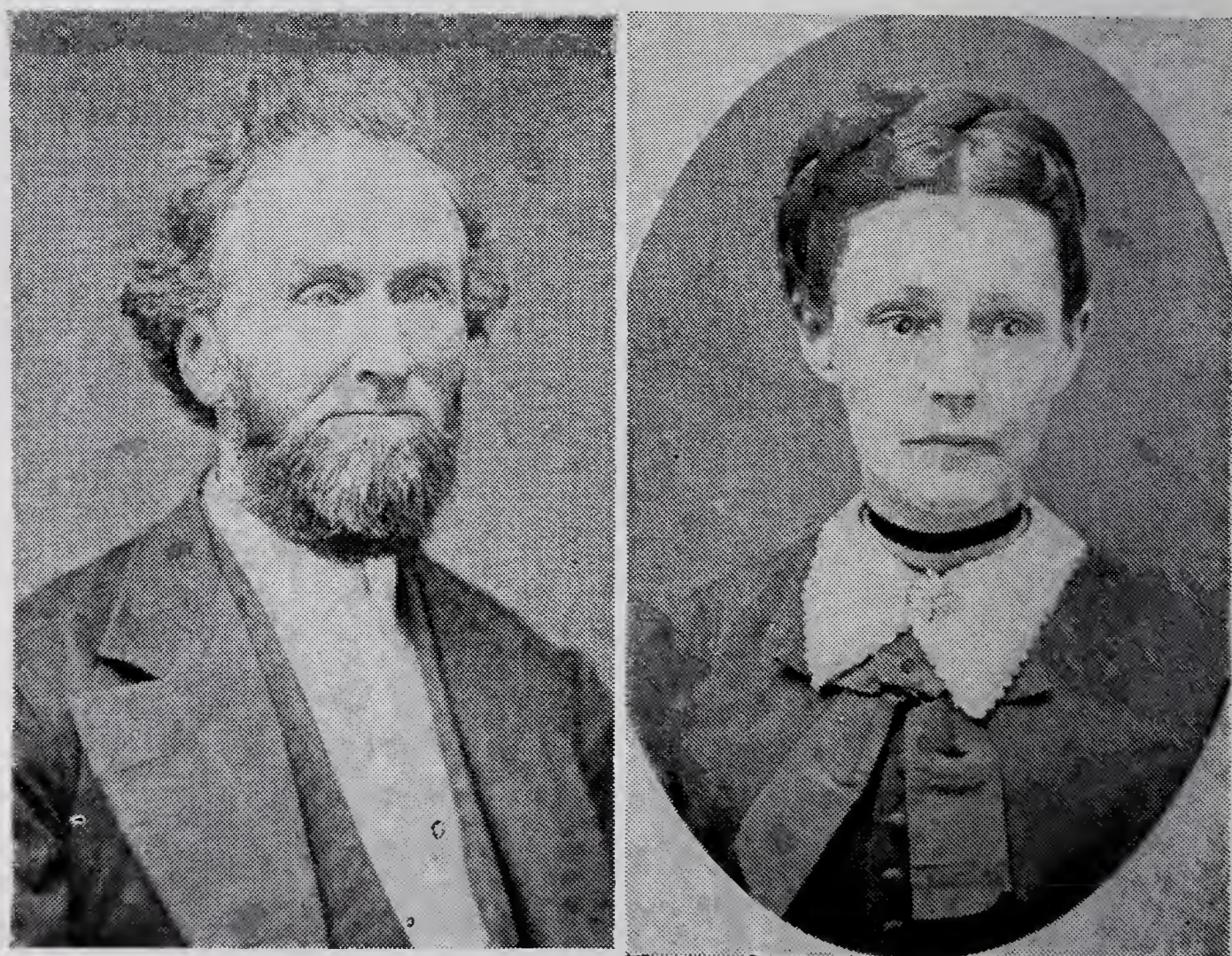
*“—and if their handiwork was often rough, it must be said, as well, that it was rugged and sufficient unto the task—”*



## CHAPTER XV

### David Levering

But many stayed to enjoy the fertile valley and the joys of proud achievement. Among these was the sixth born son of William and Ruth——David Levering——our ancestor——my grandfather——born in 1815 in Bedford (now Fulton) County, Pennsylvania, and carried in his mother's



David Levering and Sarah Foust, his wife.

*“——were building the new brick Lutheran Church at North Woodbury——”*

arms, across the mountains to Ohio in 1816. He was named for his Uncle, David Bryson, and his Great-Grandfather, that earlier David Bryson——slain at Culloden in the last land battle ever to be fought on Britains Isle.

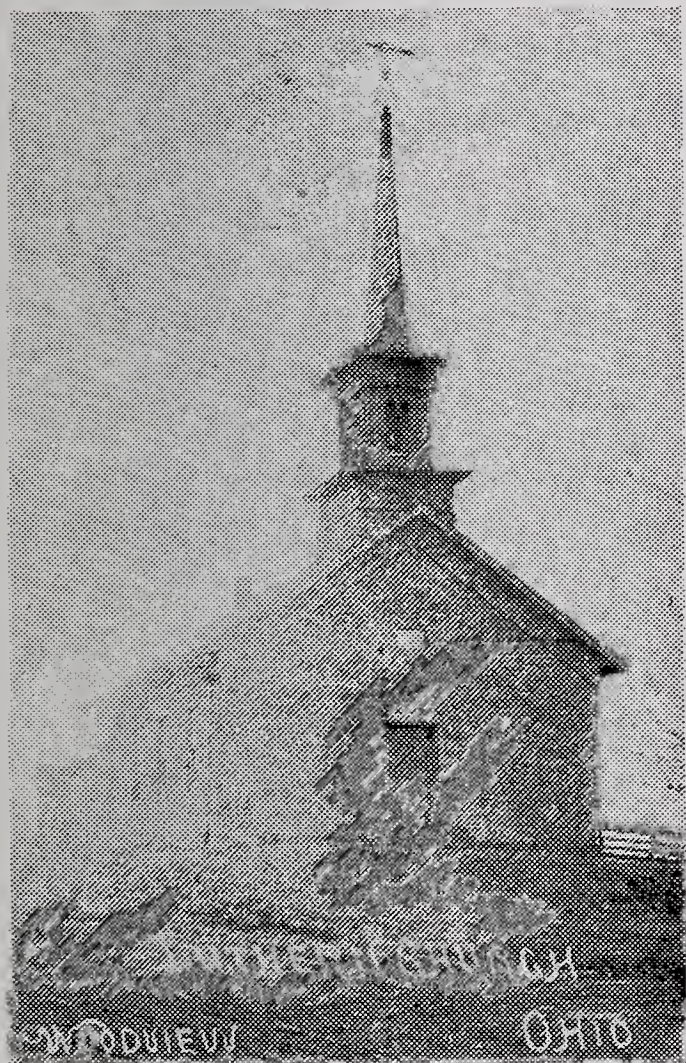


David was a rather sickly child, but recovered as he grew older. Though, in his youth, he doubtless swung the axe and scythe, he learned also the finer arts of business and trade and the practical law of the locality. He married Sarah Foust in 1850 when he was 35 and she was 25. Her father, Daniel Foust, was a pioneer from Baltimore County, Maryland,—a Frenchman and a carpenter and cooper who essayed to preach the Gospel in his spare time. Her mother was Louisa Rorbaught.

When Sarah was twelve years of age, in 1837, the family, then living in York County, Pennsylvania, began their westward journey to Ohio. Over the now well beaten Nemacolin

**Sarah  
Foust**

Trail, then “Braddocks Road”, they came, through Wheeling, in a two horse wagon, with a milk cow tied behind and all their possessions piled inside. Starting in March, they spent more than three weeks on the trail—for it was early spring and the thaws had begun to soften the road. The load was heavy and the horses poor, so Sarah walked all the way. Hundreds of wagons were on the way west or east and camping places on higher ground and close to water were hard to find, so the search for a stopping place began early and sometimes the camp was made in mid-



Lutheran Church, North Woodbury, Ohio.

“—where sometimes Daniel afterward preached.”

afternoon. To North Woodbury they came and lived in a log house, just south of the Lutheran Church, where some-



26

WEA.

TUES. MARCH 28, 1893

THER.

This morning clear & cool the sun made a beautiful appearance when rising. Day was beautiful & clear sun shone warm & cool Barnett called here I & M. I went to Mt. Gilboa

Sarah is inclined to be sleepy but no better. Towards evening got worse & worse but remained sensible til death about 8 o'clock in the eve.

16 WEA.

52 WEDNESDAY 29

40 THER.

This morning clear & cold. Day was clear & pleasant we are making preparations for to morrow Lewis was here on some fittings & things. Hilderbrow digging grave Jacob Grogg making the outside box out 2 1/2 in plank. In the evening B. W. L. Tolmiva & Loyd here. Lewis came here & put Sarah Robe on & laid her in the coffin after night.

Four Days of David Levering's Diary.

"—for your study and appraisal."

times Daniel afterward preached. He later engaged in the



WEA.

38

THUR. MARCH 30, 1893

50  
THER.

This Morning Cloudy  
 Fared off Day Pleasant  
 The people came in  
 & the Corps was put  
 in the Hearse & all went  
 to the Cemetery at the owl  
 Creek Bap Church &  
 after the Service

The body of Sarah Levering was  
 Buried in the place that  
 I had prepared for her &  
 her spirit or soul gone to Rest

WEA.

39

FRIDAY 31

62

THER.

64

Day clear & sun shone warm  
 Life late in PM Geo Lockhart  
 here & wants \$100 for a year  
 went up to see Geo Tame  
 I have been at home  
 Engaged in some work

It seems so long since  
 since Sarah is gone  
 we miss her ~~at~~ ~~the~~  
 & her counsels &  
 advice. All seems to be  
 lost to us & gain to her

business of hauling goods from Lake Erie to the Ohio River  
 and it was on one of these trips that he died at Circleville,  
 Ohio. His body was brought home and buried in the Lu-  
 theran Churchyard where afterward Louise was also buried,

as was their son Daniel, a Union Soldier, killed in the Civil War.

David Levering had already some experience in merchandising with a brother, so he moved with his bride to North Woodbury, three miles north of the William Levering homestead, and set up a store. He bought and sold groceries, dry goods, farm produce and live stock and loaned a bit of money, all of which tended to make him an important citizen of the community. He wrote wills, contracts, deeds, etc. and served as Road Supervisor, Justice of the Peace and Assessor, and executed other minor offices that brought in a little money. His business and legal advice was highly respected in the neighborhood and he gradually became quite a local figure.

In his youth, he helped to cut the road now known as Ohio State Highway 314, first known as the Johnstown Road and which was the first really public road surveyed in the vicinity. All of his life he lived along this thoroughfare and down it he was borne to his grave.

Well read, he was, as well, and was the local librarian for the Ohio State Circulating Library. He kept a diary for forty years, in which he generally made two entries—noon and night—with notes of local happenings and his and other peoples business. The sum total of all the entries makes a little local history all by itself. He died in 1899, she in 1893. His calm philosophy is best evidenced by the entries in his diary for the four days during the period of his wife's death and burial and I have therefore reproduced them in his own handwriting for your study and appraisal. (See pages 78-79.)

Side by side they rest, in North Fork Cemetery, amidst the scenes of his boyhood on the westering slope of beautiful Owl Creek valley. One by one their children have died and joined them, till now they all lie buried together there, their lives lived out, the chapter ended.



## CHAPTER XVI

### Mary Levering and John Brewer

But back in 1890, at Christmas time in North Woodbury when life was young and Love was Life, Elmira, the daughter of David and Sarah Levering, was shyly vowing to love, honor and obey a romantic, daring and sometimes violent young man named Brewer, in whose family tree, or the roots thereof, we find the Bedford County pioneers of long ago.

Back through the years and across the rivers and mountains we turn, as long absent travellers turning home. Again we feast our eyes on the Beautiful Juniata, in whose hills we meet again our John and Mary Levering Brewer, whom we left so long ago when we followed her brother, William Levering and Ruth Bryson, on their way to the Ohio backwoods.

Mary was born in 1771 in New Jersey to bless the home of our old Ironworker, Henry Levering and his wife, Ann Wynn, at Durham Iron Works. She was a big girl when, in 1785, the family moved to Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and only two years later, in 1787, she was married to John Brewer, one of the "six tall, finelooking Brewer sons", whose pioneer father, Henry Brewer, dwelt in the neighborhood.

John, a Soldier of The Revolution, had been born February 28, 1763 and was becoming quite a big boy when the Revolutionary War began in 1775. So big, indeed, that we find him, in the closing years of it, a member of James Leech's Company, Rangers of the Frontier, doing his bit for Freedom, though only a boy of sixteen or seventeen years. His War record appears in Volume 23, Page 284, of "The Pennsylvania Archives", Third Series, as does that of his brother Peter, at Page 227, of the same volume.

The war over, he returned to his father's home, where soon a new neighbor came to lend his friendly presence and brighten the social fireside with his huge family of thirteen youngsters. It was Henry Levering from along the Delaware River in New Jersey who came to be their neighbor and it was his daughter, Mary, now fifteen and big for her age, that caught the eye of the tall finelooking Ranger, just home from the War. Acquaintance grew into friendship——friendship swelled to love,——the stage was set for a frontier “marrying” and the families of Levering and Brewer became forever one when the great day finally came.

They set up housekeeping in the frontier style, with a scattering of furniture contributed by the older married folks, their housing supplied by a “logrolling” in which all the neighbors took part. In a single day of working, eating, shouting and drinking whiskey, climaxed in the evening by the wedding of the new tenants, these helpful neighbors built the nuptial dwelling, from foundation stone to roof-tree, kissed the bride, dunked the groom in the spring and dashed off to their several homes, full of barbecued venison and smelling of strong drink.

Standing on 154 acres of John's father's land, innocent of plumbing, paint or window glass, but free from mortgage, rent or installment payments, the rude structure——with additions to accommodate the annual baby crop——served our John and Mary, throughout their married life. He died in 1810 and left our Mary, alone with their ten children and, as her brother, William Levering, Administrator of the Estate of John Brewer, Deceased, reported on November 6, 1811, in Orphans Court Docket #2, Page 253 of the Records of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, “154 acres by deed in the year 1797 from Henry Brewer, father of the decedent, and \$629.83 goods and chattels”.

On November 5, 1811, Samuel Graves was appointed



guardian of Mary's minor children, Jonathan, Sarah, William, John and Abigal. Shortly thereafter, his wife having died and his children grown up and left home, Samuel married our widowed Mary and nobly took over the task of rearing her orphan brood. They grew and married and six of them eventually emigrated to the new and romantic "Ohio Country". Then, in 1828, his foster family reared and gone, Samuel, then far advanced in years, passed on to his reward and Mary was alone again.

**Samuel  
Graves**

Five of her children, Rachel and William Linn, her husband, Jonathan and Jane Maxfield, his wife, Sarah and Samuel Graham, her husband (he, the grandson of Samuel Graves), John and Elizabeth Hart, his wife, and Abigal, the youngest and William Rush, her husband, (William and Mary Peck, his wife, were soon to go), had all emigrated to Ohio, as had her sister, Elizabeth Reynolds and her three brothers, Daniel, John and William Levering, so she had little in her old home to comfort her.

A niggardly legacy did poor Mary get from the Will of the late lamented Samuel, for he left all to his children. His Will, dated September 18, 1827, appearing May 12, 1828, in Will Book 2, Page 273, Records of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, contains the following:

"To my loving wife, Mary, her choice of my horse creatures, with side saddle and bridle, one feather bed and bedding, the large case of drawers and my small copper kettle and five dollars worth of kitchen and cupboard furniture of her choice and \$32.00 a year, to be paid her by my son, John Graves, for her natural life."

Her heart was with her kin in the new land of Ohio and she longed to go to them. Perhaps Samuel knew better what she most wanted when he provided her a horse, for, as soon as her affairs were in order, she made her choice of a spirited three-year-old colt, put her saddle on him and, though she was then more than sixty years old, turned his head westward. Over old Sidelinghill Mountain she rode,—the

Mary  
Levering  
Brewer  
Goes to  
Ohio

mountain that for all her life had tucked the yellow evening sun within his breast——and, without money, guide or companion, set out for the land of her loved ones.

Across mountains and rivers, she went, toiling along the road of Washington and Braddock and the thousands of empire builders gone before her, the long pentup longing for the westward trail speeding her on her way. And finally, arrived at her son, Jonathan's home near Williamsport, Ohio, the long, solitary journey over, she rested again in the circle of her loved ones, and knew once more the warmth and cheer of home and kindred.

Her stay was short, for, in 1831, her life of work and striving ended and, amid the slow-falling leaves of autumn, she lay down to rest forever. I tried to find where she was buried, but the last remaining oldsters were unable to say.



Mary Levering Brewer's grave in Bryn Zion Cemetery.

*“——surprisingly like the unlettered headstones in  
Henry Levering's old cemetery——”*

Few graveyards in the vicinity are old enough to have been her resting place and only Bryn Zion, two miles from Daughter Abigail Rush's home and founded in the 1820's, seemed to meet the test of age and probability. For in that ancient burying place, a few feet east of the graveless spot, where once stood the earliest Bryn Zion Baptist Church, there



stand five small, unlettered headstones of native brown sandstone, surprisingly like the unlettered headstones in Henry Levering's old cemetery in Bedford County, Pennsylvania.

Ranged in a row, they stand, extending eastward, and the next eastward grave space is marked by a carved marble slab, inscribed, "David, son of William and Abigal Rush, Died 1837, aged 14 years". And nearby is the grave of Jane Maxfield, wife of Jonathan Brewer. I know this is the church where they worshipped and these graves are proof that in this church yard the Brewers buried their dead in those years. So here, I think, in 1831, Abigal and Jonathan buried their mother, Mary Levering Brewer, and that here, under one of those five simple and unlettered sandstones, lies all that was mortal of this Mother of Pioneers.

**Bryn Zion  
Cemetery**

As I stood there pondering, I seemed to reconstruct that October burial of so long ago and to see, as in a play, the Pioneers that had assembled there to pay their last sad respects. Beneath the giant spreading trees,—the same, no doubt, that stood there then—I thought I saw the blackshawled women—the bareheaded men—the awed and wondering children—the horses and wagons standing nearby—the open grave—the autumn leaves eddying in the wind—the afternoon sun shining through the branches.

There would be Brother William Levering and his wife, Ruth Bryson, and their seven sons and daughters. There would be Brother John Levering and his wife, Margaret Karney—she, too, to die within a year,—and their five children and 26 grandchildren of whom nineteen soon would emigrate to Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana and Wyoming. Brother Daniel Levering's widow, Mary Karney, (he had died on Owl Creek in 1820) would be there with her seven sons and daughters and their 25 children, one of whom would father Charles B. Levering, the first President

of the Levering Historical Association. And there would be widowed Sister Elizabeth Reynolds and her six grown children and Daughter Rachel Linn with her husband, Will Linn, and three children and Son Jonathan Brewer and wife, Jane Maxfield, and 5 children and Daughter Sarah and her husband, Samuel Graham, and 5 children. There would be her youngest daughter, Abigail, with husband, William Rush (he a veteran of the War of 1812) and their four children, of whom one, 8 year old David, was to die six years later and, by the inscription on his gravestone, identify the very spot where all this took place. And of all these, more than half were later to emigrate to Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Wyoming, Kansas and California.

Besides these, there would be the Harts, the Ogles, the Blairs, Rineharts, Mitchells, Gallehers, Rambos, Cooks, Truexs, Singreys, Sipes, Van Buskirks, Ackermans, Stilwells, Russels, Melotts and Gardners, all standing there in Sunday best. The Baptist Reverend David James, who, only lately, had founded the little church, doubtless read the service and, in a silence, broken only by the restless stirring of the nearby horses and wagons, dropped the handful of clods on the rough coffin and turned away to comfort the heavy-hearted watchers.

A few steps to the southward, along the old Emigrant Trail to Kansas and the Golden West, the slow wagons of Empire rumbled on, their occupants, with burned and dusty faces forever westward, unconscious that, for her, the trail had ended here. Her life was filled with toil and sorrow, but she lived it with a will and her sterling character and devotion to duty were ever an inspiration to her loved ones. Grandfather Denton Brewer, two years unborn at her death, but who knew her contemporaries, was wont to say, "She was a good woman—a mighty good woman". And so they passed, John and Mary, to their Maker and their seed lived on and multiplied in the new and fertile Ohio.



## CHAPTER XVII

### William Brewer and the Pecks

For William Brewer, their eighth son above noted, born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, and twenty-one years younger than William Levering, heads a new dynasty in the new country, across the mountains. Married in 1823 to Mary Peck, in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, he lived with her near Sidelinghill Mountain in the same neighborhood as all of our Leverings and Brewers, for a dozen years, before the Call of the West lured their feet to the trail.

Mary Peck had been born about 1806 in the old Peck homestead, two miles south of Needmore and had lived all her life there, within a mile or so of William Brewer, who was her first cousin. William's father had been John Brewer, whose sister, Catherine, the first wife of Conrad Peck II, had been Mary's mother. Mary had been raised by a stepmother, Deborah Bailey, and William, by a stepfather, Samuel Graves. Her father, Conrad Peck II, had lived all of his life on the Old Homestead, where he had been born in 1767, and was a lifelong friend of William's father and grandfather. She was the seventh and last of her full brothers and sisters, but her father married again after her mother's death and eight little half brothers and sisters were sharing the home with her when William came into her life.

Her father was a farmer and a skilful hunter and woodsman who had been brought up in the backwoods by his father, Conrad Peck I, whose mature years had been spent entirely in the forests and mountains of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania and who knew little else but the arts of woodcraft and Indian fighting. Conrad II died in 1829, in a typhoid epidemic, in which other members of the family also succumbed, and his body lies buried in the southeast

**Mary  
Peck**

**Conrad  
Peck II**

**The  
Elder  
Pecks**

corner of the old Peck burying ground on the homestead where he had lived so long, and where, long before, his father, Old Conrad Peck I, had been buried.

**Conrad  
Peck I**

Old Conrad I was an Englishman who, I am told, emigrated to America in his youth and eventually came to live near Williamsport, Maryland. He was a hunter, explorer, trapper and Indian fighter, and, during the 1760's, about the time of the founding of Fort Bedford, made a journey into the Bedford County territory, seeking a better timbered country, where he might settle and raise a family. With him, in tradition, came Mary's other grandfather, Old Henry Brewer, his comrade in Indian fighting and mountaineering, who, like Conrad, sought new land and newer hunting grounds, further from settlement and civilization. They were "Long Hunters" of pioneer fame and story. In buckskin clothes, coonskin caps and Indian moccasins, with long rifle in hand, they roamed the forests and mountains with all of the skill of, and, likely, much of the savagery of, the Indians themselves. Their help was sought whenever the savages threatened, whenever an expedition set out to survey or to explore and whenever a sortie was made to quell an Indian uprising.

**Peck  
Massacre**

The story of George Peck, a brother of Conrad II, is found in the Pennsylvania Archives, where it is reported that he moved, in 1770, from the Tonoloway settlement to Rays Cove, which was a mile and one-quarter north of the Old Chambersburg Turnpike (now U. S. Highway 30) near the Old Whitehall Tavern, with his wife and three children and built a "tub" mill on a little creek where he ground meal and farmed a little clearing. This little creek is since known as Tub Mill Run. On August 14, 1782, a band of Indians surprised, murdered and scalped the entire family. The incident caused the settlers to make a great protest to the Pennsylvania Authorities on account of the failure of the



colony to take some steps against the depredations of Indians.

These two old frontiersmen settled where Needmore, later, grew——Conrad I, two miles south of there and Henry, just west of him, and there they cleared their land, built their cabins and prepared to make their homes. Not long afterward, Henry Levering came and built his cabin near-by and you see there, in the circle of a mile or two, in the shadow of Old Sidelinghill Mountain, the three progenitors whose descendants are the principal characters of this book.

Evidence of the friendship between the Brewer and Peck families is found in the Will of Henry Brewer, in which he bequeaths to John Peck, the son of Conrad Peck, "My rifle with powder horn, shot pouch and accouterments." I saw the rifle, apparently in shooting condition, in the possession of Watson Peck, one of John's descendants, now living near Needmore.

Here they lived until they died——all of them, friends for life and neighbors in death, their descendants now scattered throughout the world and they, in little known graves, almost forgotten. In the center of the Old Peck Burying Ground lies Old Conrad I, and around him, as in his life, are most of those whom he held dear. But back to William Brewer and Mary Peck, their thoughts now turning to the new and romantic Ohio country, and to the toilsome journey, soon to begin, that would end, for both of them, under the dark cedars at Shauck.

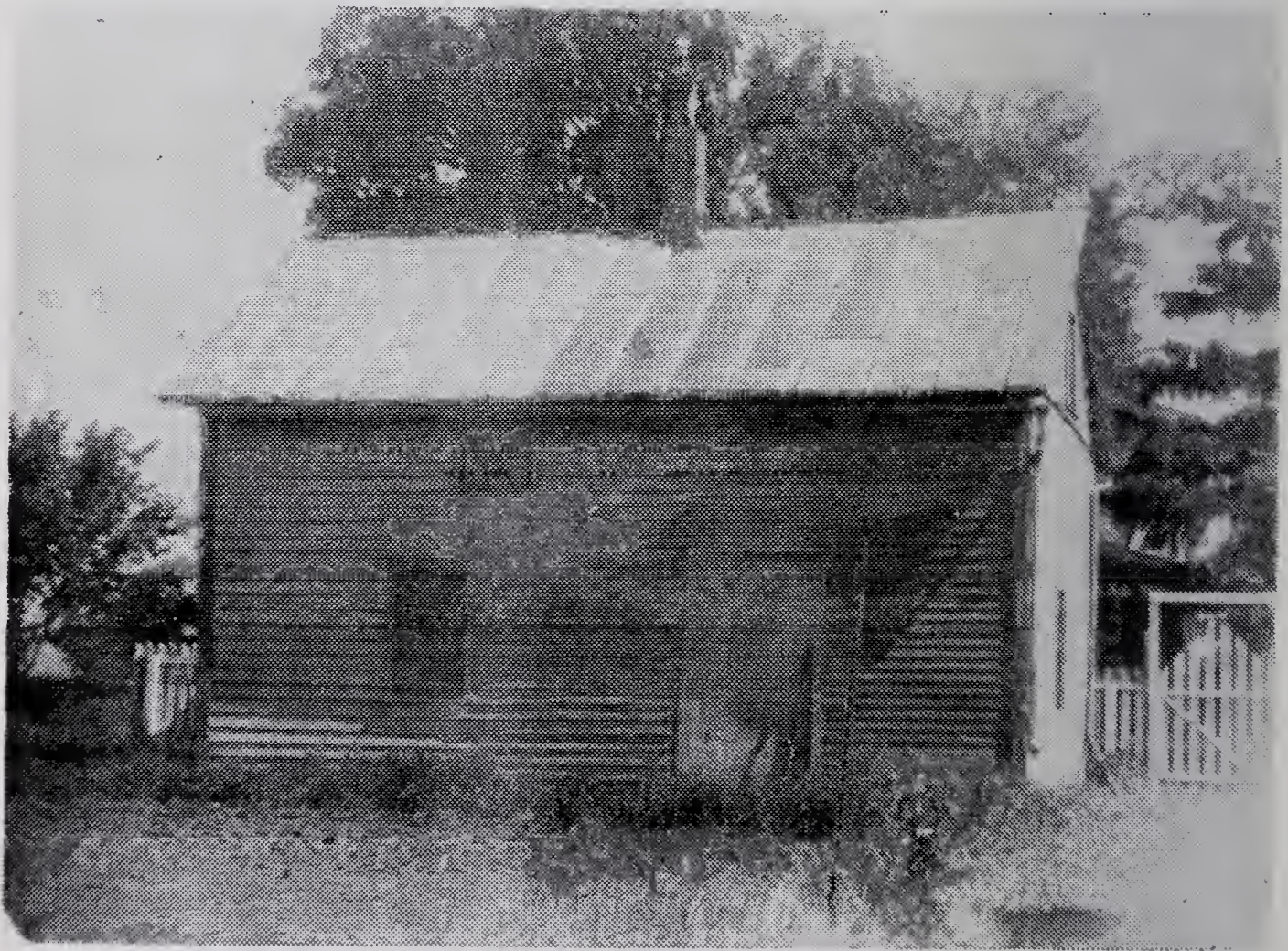
By now, three lusty sons had blessed their union, and ambition urged them on to give their offspring a start in the new land. Brother Jonathan Brewer and many of their friends and relatives were already there and William's mother, Mary Levering Brewer Graves, had already died there. William came down with the measles, so the little party had to wait a few days while he recovered. But he was too



**Emigration  
to Ohio**

anxious, starting before he was fully well, and the hardship of the journey combined with a bad cold, left him with weakened lungs from which he never recovered, though he lived more than ten years longer.

Off they started, over Sidelinghill Mountain, the wagon and all their belongings pulled at snails pace by two oxen, "Buck" and "Berry", while William, half sick, and Mary, already big with her fourth child, walked alongside and their three baby sons nestled in the wagon bed. Rain soaked their



Log cabin of William Brewer and Mary Peck, his wife, near Williamsport, now weatherboarded and modernized.

*"Practically the sole survivor of all its ancient contemporaries."*

poor possessions and floods washed out the roads and swelled the streams to impassability, but they toiled on, their eyes shining with eagerness to see the new land. To Brother Jonathan Brewer, in Morrow County, they came, and settled on an eighty acre farm owned by Nathan Levering, Williams' cousin, east of Williamsport, where, in October, Nathaniel was born and Denton, our ancestor, was pushed out of the



cradle and into the trundle bed with his two older brothers. A log house was already there, for the country, in 1835, was no longer new, as William and Mary had thought, and there were people now getting married that had even been born there. This same log house, practically the sole survivor of all its ancient contemporaries, still stands there, rehabilitated and weatherboarded over the old logs, a metal roof concealing the clapboards of those earlier days, its stout timbers withstanding the storms today even as they did so long ago.

**Life at  
Williams-  
port  
Ohio**

William's sisters, Rachel Linn, Sarah Graham and Abigail Rush and his other brother, John, were also there, before them, and there was no good land left to enter. Better to rent, they thought, so they rented the eighty and took up their battle with the strange and swampy soil. Hills they knew, and rocks and gravel, but never swamps. Trenching, grading, bridging and draining with puny shovel and plow, cutting brush, burning logs and rubble, the unequal struggle went on. Three more sons and a daughter in the next ten years, then William's poor body lay down at last and the widow and seven little boys (the daughter, Catherine, had died) were left to fight it out alone. They buried him in the old Baptist Churchyard, at Shaucks Mill, northeast of Johnsville, alongside little Catherine, where he must wait for more than thirty years ere Mary, bowed with age and many sorrows, could join him.

The little boys took up the task, farmed the land, worked for neighbors for hire, hunted game in the woods, trapped for pelts in winter time, and, somehow, managed to live.

But tragedy and sorrow were ever with them. William was dead, Catherine was dead, Levi, working for a neighbor, at eighteen, was killed by a horse. Nathaniel, fourteen, was lured away by an emigrant, going to Kansas, and was never heard of again. The Civil War came on and Jonathan, Daniel, Denton and Peter joined the Union Army, where Daniel



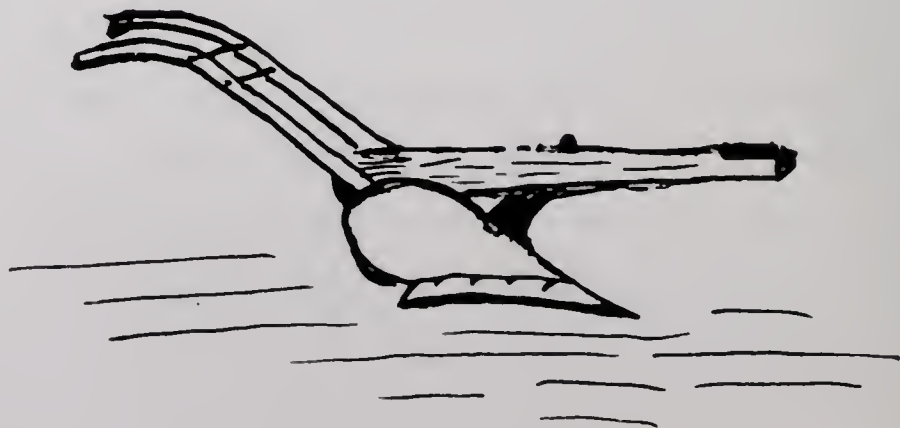
Mary Peck Brewer, wife of William Brewer.

*"It is good that the future is hidden from us."*

I think it was,——a "tall fine looking man", with the look of an eagle in his eye and with the quiet, dignified demeanor, so typical of the pioneer. Dent and Jonathan cared for her to the end, as only loving and dutiful sons could. She died in 1881, her grave beneath the cedars in Shauck Cemetery, beside the husband of her youth and her daughter, little Catherine.

and Peter, he only nineteen, were killed and buried in unknown graves, somewhere in Tennessee. A new land! Opportunity! It is good that the future is hidden from us.

And so there were three to cheer her latter days. But Job, the heritage of those elder pioneers in his heart, the westering urge deep in his soul, took up the trail again, to Gentry County, Missouri, and she never saw him again. I saw him and his long white beard and great silver watch chain when he returned, nearly seventy years old, in 1904,





## CHAPTER XVIII

### Denton Brewer

But it was Denton Brewer, my grandfather, whom she most loved. He was born in 1833 and she carried him, in arms, on the journey to Ohio. Twelve years old when his father died, his stout little heart never failed him in the battle to live and feed the hungry flock. With the others, he dug and ditched the sullen soil and cleared land for hire whenever he could. He worked for money, meal or cast-off clothes and many must have been the times when there was little of either. When he was eighteen and Jonathan twenty-one, they bought a small steam sawmill, near home, and, because the seller thought it worthless, paid nothing down——only gave a note. Poor Mary was frantic. Sawmills were dangerous, she wailed, and, anyway, such boys could never make a success of it. But nothing is worthless in the hands of the determined. Dangerous, the mill might be, but these lean and fearless young men were undaunted. Night and day they kept it working and five years later, they had paid for it, bought a home in Williamsport for Mary and a farm for each of them. They sold out. Denton got married, in 1859, to Sarah Fish, the daughter of Henry Fish, an outstanding pioneer in the neighborhood, and moved to his new farm, a mile north of Williamsport.

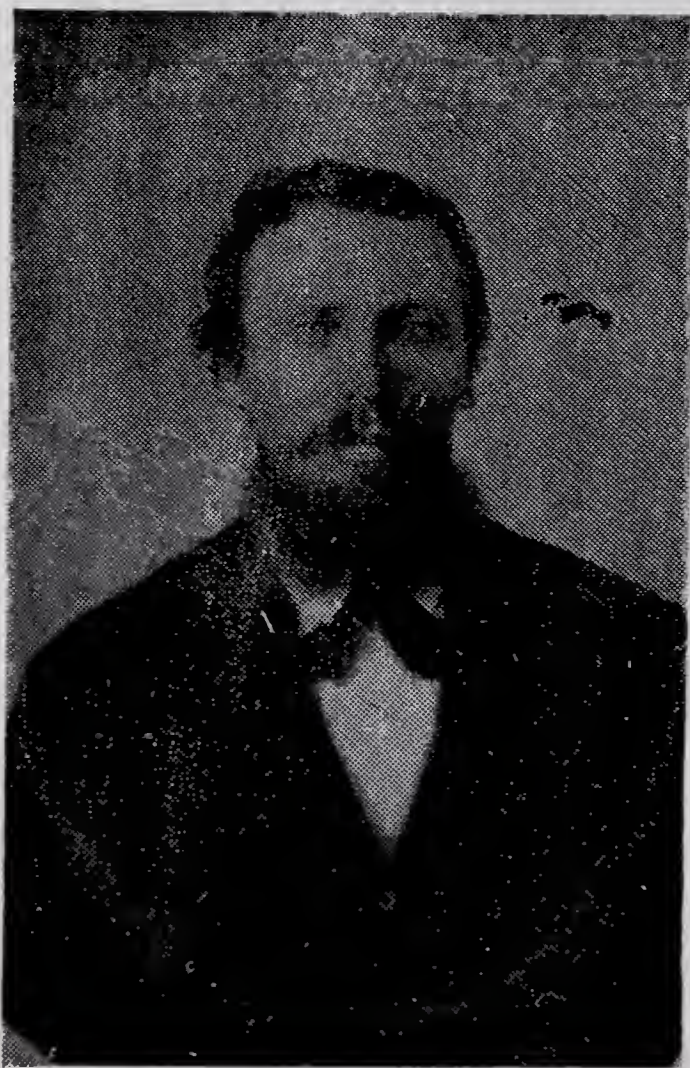
**Denton  
Brewer  
and  
Sarah  
Fish**

The battle was renewed, and once more our hero took up the spade, the axe and the adz. Soil to drain and ditch,——brush and trees to clear away,——buildings to build,——for there were only poor ones when he came,——ground to break and fences to build. And soon there were babies——Mary, 1860, Joanna, 1861,——then came the Civil War. In Co. K of the 43rd Ohio Volunteer Infantry, he marched away to Tennessee with his three brothers,——two to unmarked

**Denton  
Brewer  
in the  
Civil War**

graves, somewhere now unknown, along the trackless waste of war,——and did his bit in the pointless, Cain and Abel conflict.

The Forty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry was organized in Mount Vernon, Ohio, on February 2nd, 1862 and left, on the 21st, for the front, in command of J. L. Kirby Smith, a nephew of the Confederate General, Kirby Smith. It was assigned to the Ohio Brigade, composed of the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-ninth, Forty-third and Sixty-third Regiments, First Division, Army of The Mississippi, which participated in the battles of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Tiptonville, Fort Pillow and Corinth.



Denton Brewer at the time of his Discharge from the Union Army.

*“——and did his bit in the pointless, Cain and Abel conflict.”*

Quoting a War Chronicle of the time, concerning the Battle of Corinth, “The casualties among the men were very severe. In a few moments of fighting, over one-fourth of those engaged of the Forty-third were either killed or wounded.”

Later, the Regiment participated in Grant’s assault on Oxford, Mississippi, and in the campaign against Forrest in West Tennessee, and made the march with General Sherman from Memphis, by successive stages, to Atlanta and to the sea. In all of these fights, the Forty-third fully maintained its reputation.

After the close of the war, the Regiment went to Washington and participated in the Grand Review, and later, on



the 13th day of July, 1865, was paid off and mustered out of service.

Then, back home again and baby Frank, 1863, and Henry Lloyd, 1864, and Addie, 1869. Then a lingering fever——



(Seated, left to right) Denton Brewer, Sarah Fish Brewer. (Standing) Addie Brewer McNay, Henry Lloyd Brewer, Joanna Brewer Cooper.

*"Life was serene and restful here, with their children around them, within Sunday visiting distance——"*

a frenzy of grief and Mary, the first born, was gone. Dust to dust, etc., but the living must be fed and toil would quench their tears. The little brood grew up, strong and hearty, with schools and churches to minister to minds and hearts and Dent and Sarah, with steadfast love, industry and piety to mold their characters. Their buildings built, the ditches, deep and long, complete, and broad acres bringing forth grain and fruit, they felt their battle won, when, alas, again the circle was broken. Frank, sweet and dreamy youth of twenty-two, the westering urge of the pioneering clan in his heart, must needs take up the trail again. The new railroad



——the path to the Shining Mountains and the Blue Pacific——claimed him and, far away in Colorado, building the Union Pacific, fever took his life. Dent sorrowfully brought his body home to lie beside little Mary, on the banks of Owl Creek and life went on again——but not so gay and carefree——the vacant chair kept reminding them.

Dent and  
Sarah  
Retire

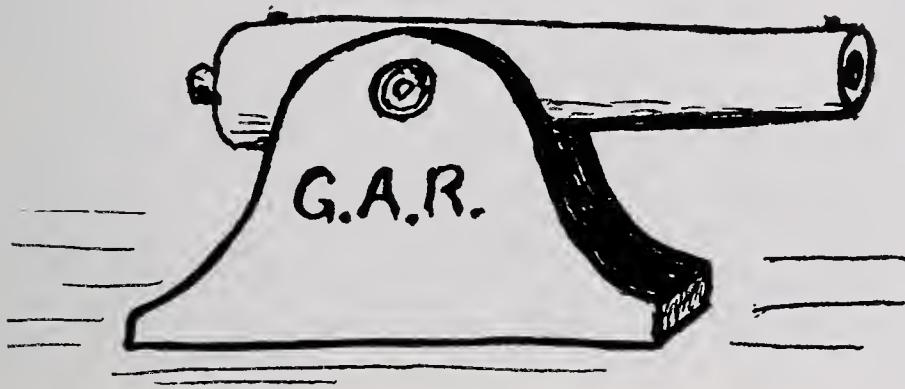
All the children were married and gone by 1890 and Dent and Sarah were alone again. By 1900, rheumatism and a complication of heart ailments, blamed by him on his arduous service in the War, made the old veteran sell his farm. So they moved to Williamsport to live in a house, across the road from the one Dent and Jonathan had bought for their mother, so long ago. Life was serene and restful here, with their children around them, within Sunday visiting distance, new grandchildren accumulating and all the friends of their lifetime assembling on Main Street, Saturdays, so they settled down to enjoy it.

But not for long. Three years later, in 1903, a sudden heart attack ended Sarah's vacation, so they laid her away in Rivercliff Cemetery, at Mount Gilead, and Dent was alone. His rheumatism plagued him and from time to time he lived with Addie, Joanna or Lloyd, but mostly he "bached it" in his own house, where, as he said, he could "keep out of other folks way." Genial, cheerful and full of intelligent conversation about the days of long ago, he shared his aches and pains with no one and his visits were ever welcome. And then, one Sunday, in 1914, "ah, dang!", he "couldn't make it!" and, before the week was over, the Old Soldier was resting, beside his mate, in Rivercliff. A motor hearse completed the journey, begun so long ago by ox team on Sidelinghill Mountain, and the stubborn soil had claimed his dust at last.

The tide of emigration that had carried him so painfully across the Alleghenies had dropped him and swept on, across the Mississippi, the Great Plains, the Shining Mountains



and the Thirsty Deserts, and now ebbcd on the shores of the Mighty Pacific. A nation, barely born, had grown to full maturity before his eyes while he, busy with the cares of childhood, fatherhood and old age, had scarcely known it.



## CHAPTER XIX

### The Fishes

Henry and  
Mary Ann  
Fish

Dent Brewer's wife, Sarah Fish, had been born, a half mile east of Williamsport, on the old Fish homestead, in 1842. Henry Fish, her father, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia. He was a miller by trade but he was also the community dancing master and had a reputation for being a mighty man with the women. His granddaughter, Addie McNay (Dent Brewer's daughter) told me, in 1945, of still remembering seeing his long-tailed dancing coat, then quite a family keepsake, when she was a small girl. He was thirty years old when, in September, 1831, he ran away with and married Mary Ann Burson, fifteen, of Loudoun County, Virginia, and they forthwith embarked for the West. On horseback they came, with a bit of clothing tied behind their saddles, and landed at Mount Vernon from where they soon came to live on the Robert Chambers farm, (also known as the Floren Mann farm), across the road, in 1900, from the old Lost Run Distillery, two miles east of South Millers Corners. Two years they worked for Chambers, then to the Fish Homestead, a half mile east of Williamsport, from which they never moved. He had eleven sisters and a brother, Bob, who, with several of the sisters, also emigrated to Ohio, near Cardington, ten miles to the southwest of Williamsport. Their parents were Robert and Betsy Fish, Quakers, of Loudoun County, Virginia. Henry was a strong and energetic man with much native ability, but no book-learning at all. He was put out of school in his youth for boisterous conduct. He carried shelled corn in his pockets and would coax the chickens into the schoolhouse, by dropping a few grains at a time, and one old rooster fought the old maid schoolteacher. For this, she whipped little Henry,





The Family of Henry Fish (Seated, lower left, Sarah Fish Brewer).

*"He raised a family of nine children and, as he said, never spent a dime for doctor's bills."*

who promptly ran off home and stayed several days. When he did come back, he saw her pipe, filled with tobacco, lying on the mantel over the fireplace. He took out the tobacco, half filled the bowl with gunpowder, and covered it with tobacco. She came in and lit it and fell clear across the school room when it blew up. Henry ran for home and never did go back and never learned to read or write. He carried a large, expensive gold watch, but could not tell the time of day. When asked for the time, he held out the watch and said, "There it is." Then, after putting it back in his pocket, he would say, "Oh I forgot. What time did it say?," never admitting that he could not tell. He worked hard and so did his child bride, and came to own three hundred acres of land and to be the wealthiest man in the neighborhood.

When they first came, there were Indians all about and



wild animals everywhere. Once a squaw, carrying a papoose on a board, came to their house to beg salt. She set the board against a tree some distance away, and, when she returned, the wild hogs had torn the baby up.

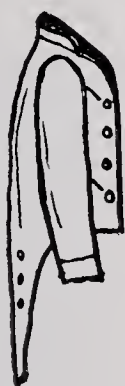
Bears were particularly bad and small children had to be carefully guarded. Mrs. McNay, in 1945, told of remembering seeing the bear pits, set as traps by her grandfather, when she was a little girl. They were large, deep pits, covered with brush and leaves, and baited with spoiled meat. Once, when the elder Fishes went to help a neighbor butcher his hogs, they left all the children at home, warning them to stay in the house and out of the woods or the bears would get them. Toward evening, restless in their confinement, they went to the woods to play. They were attacked by a bear and fled toward the house, but only got to the barnyard, where they climbed into a wagon bed. The bear kept up the attack, but the older boys beat him off with the neck yoke and maintained the defense and a careful watch until late at night when the parents returned and found them suffering very much from cold, fright and exposure.

Henry made two trips back to Virginia on business, traveling by horseback. Mary Ann never saw her old home again but her mother, Mrs. Burson, whose maiden name was Tibbett, finally moved to Cardington with several of Mary Ann's brothers and sisters, who had also emigrated. She lived to be one hundred years old and was a much respected, kind and sympathetic woman. Mary Brewer Banbury, Lloyd's daughter, now has in her possession a little dutch-blue sauce dish and pewter baby spoon, given, in 1860, by Mrs. Burson to her great granddaughter, Mary, baby daughter of Denton and Sarah Brewer.

Henry did his share to support his needy relatives, but never encouraged them to visit him. He was kind and generous but kept to himself, mostly. He had his friends, but few close ones. He raised a family of nine children and, as



he said, "Never spent a dime for doctor's bills." He lived and died on that same farm. Three years later, she died too, and both now rest there, in North Fork Cemetery, on Owl Creek, surrounded by many relatives and friends who had gone before, and more who came after.



## CHAPTER XX

### Elmira Levering

The line of William Levering, son of Henry and Ann Levering, through David to Elmira, was now rejoining with that of Mary Levering Brewer, his sister, and John Brewer, through William and Dent Brewer, to Lloyd, when, in 1890, Lloyd and Elmira, at North Woodbury, were standing with bowed heads, while the preacher was saying the words that were to bind them in Holy Matrimony. He was twenty-six—she thirty, and they had known each other less than a year.

They were the first of their lines who were married in other than pioneer times, for now the country was settled and cleared. Roads and bridges were everywhere and towns and cities were on every hand. The long struggle with the forests, swamps and aborigines was over and the urban era had begun. Bent with toil and seamed by long exposure to the sun and storm, the bearded and gray conquerors were slowly passing away, down the roads and over the bridges, so dauntlessly graded and built, to the ever-growing graveyards—Owl Creek, Shauck, Pleasant Grove, Mount Tabor, Bryn Zion and a hundred others, smaller and larger. Just around the corner—already partly in sight—the New Era—the Gay Nineties—bicycles—Mansard roofs—dime novels—new freedom for women—and perils too—electric lights—The Great White Way—Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight—The Bird on Nellie's Hat—Grover Cleveland—William McKinley—Remember the Maine!

And so they were married, my father and mother—Mira, the old maid school-ma'am, and Lloyd, the daring young man of the sawmill. But a moment while I introduce



them—at too great length, I fear—for now, that they are gone, I find that I loved them—that thousands of things come back to me that I would like to tell—and doubtless bore you.

In 1860, in North Woodbury, Ohio, in the white house at the south end of the village, where ten years before, David Levering had brought his bride, there was born to them a baby girl whom they named Elmira. James Buchanan was appeasing the Slave States by giving them their own way and allowing them to take over, by default, all of the forts,

**Elmira  
Levering**



**Elmira Levering on her Fifth Birthday.**

*"She was a sweet faced, blue-eyed little thing—"*

harbors and arsenals of the South—Abraham Lincoln was stumping the country as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, —340 years had passed since Luther burned the Papal Bull,—Our David and Sarah, with others, were building the new brick Lutheran Church at North Woodbury and Queen Victoria was setting a new standard of prudish gentility for the English-speaking world. The Dred Scott Decision was three years old and only last year, John Brown had made—and been hanged for—his famous raid at Harpers Ferry,

Dent Brewer and Sarah had been married and the first oil well had been drilled at Titusville, Pennsylvania. South Carolina was seceding and Uncle Sam was conducting his eighth census that was to disclose 31,500,000 inhabitants in the New Republic.



Elmira was a sweet faced, blue-eyed little thing, with brown hair and an impish, turned-up nose, and a tendency to freckle. Early to school,——at five years,——she grew up under the tutelage of that great philosopher and teacher, McGuffey, and a series of country schoolmasters cut of the same cloth. Practical and earthy, they were,——toilers of little pay and great influence, who truly believed that a public servant lived to give and not to get. In later years, she loved to tell of one teacher, Tom Davis, who regularly carried pancake batter for lunch and cooked his cakes in hogs lard on the top of the schoolhouse stove at “noon hour,” cheerfully dividing his fare with any child who wanted to eat.

As she grew older, there was the gentle philosophy of Longfellow, mingled with the stately romance of Tennyson and the sounding speeches of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Henry and a dozen others, setting forth their principles of philosophy, government and men. Grown to the mature age of eighteen, she “got a certificate” and “got hired” to teach in her home school where, last year, she had been a pupil. Her efforts crowned with success, she “got rehired” for the next and many more years, till she truly qualified as the “old maid schoolma’am” of the community. It was a quiet, peaceful career——living at home with her parents, brothers and sisters,——Singing School,——Literary Society——Sunday School——Sewing Society——parties——box socials——parlor dates——and Jim Smith.

Jim was a neighbor boy——tall, dark and handsome——exceedingly conservative and the sole support of his widowed mother with whom he lived. A rather timid swain, he was, bound by the inhibitions of school-kid beaus, but faithful to the point of monopolizing the fair lady. Mira, once accepted by the village as “his girl,” was passed over by all the locals, who swept their sweethearts away to be their brides, till none were left of her “set.” Jim thought he couldn’t marry while





Wedding picture of Henry Lloyd Brewer and Elmira Levering, 1890.

*“——and in a moment the parson had tied the knot.”*



his mother lived——and too, he was a mite stingy by nature——so Mira became dissatisfied.

When she was twenty-eight, her father having given her a farm of 110 acres at South Millers Corners, one and one-half miles south of town, she and her brother, Chester, (he twenty-one) decided to move on it and be farmers. So, farm they did, with vim and vigor——she often said she was never happier in her life——and Jim, in the buggy with the yellow wheels, paid court as ever, with never a word of marrying.

But, across the road, on the creek bank, in the winter of 1889, a sawmill was being "set." And ever on the job, bossing the men, yelling at the horses, doing "two mens work," was a stocky, rough and ready young man, with clear blue eyes, and nimble feet, who owned a half interest in the mill. Chester, a curious spectator, scraped acquaintance with him and found he was Lloyd Brewer from "up on the Prairie" by Williamsport, four miles away. A friendship grew into an invitation to the house, where our heroine was introduced to the "Sawmill Man" and something clicked. A deal was made for Mira to board the mill crew and she saw our hero, morning, noon and night. The competition was too strong for Jim, but he held on, through the spring, summer and fall, fighting a losing battle for the lady's love, till Christmas, 1890, when Lloyd and Mira quietly slipped away to the parsonage, and in a moment the parson had tied the knot. Jim was terribly "miffed," at being so rudely "cut out" and, for years, avoided contact with the happy couple, though he later became reconciled and they all became good friends and neighbors again.





## CHAPTER XXI

### Lloyd Brewer and Elmira Levering

Lloyd, as noted before, had been born in 1864, on Dent's farm, a mile north of Williamsport, and grew up there. As a little boy he did chores around the house, helped his mother, went to school at a one room schoolhouse and to Sunday School and Church at the old United Brethren Church, still standing in Williamsport, and, once in a while, sat with Dent on the wagon seat and drove the horses. A rugged little fellow, he was, and early disposed to fight any boy of any size, but at home all was peace. His older brother, Frank, was his beloved idol and they played and worked together as few brothers have ever done. Their devotion to one another was the talk of the neighborhood and the pride and joy of their parents. Years afterward, Dent would say, "Never did I see two boys so attached to each other."

**Lloyd  
Brewer**

When Lloyd was about thirteen, a shanty Irishman, named Dan Sheehan, came to the farm as a hired ditcher and brought a battered old fiddle on which he sawed out jigs and reels and sentimental tunes of the Irish. The boy was completely captivated and begged his father for a fiddle. He played on Dan's old wreck whenever he could, but his mother, frantic at the screeching, drove him out of the house, so he went to the barn to work at it. When there was a hard job to do he would offer to do it if he could have a fiddle. Finally Dent, moved by constant pleading, told him he should have one if he could learn to play "Old Zip Coon." Work and play were now forgot and nights and days were as one. Dan lent his best efforts as teacher and after a hectic month or two, proclaimed, one evening, that his proud pupil could meet the test. It was already dark and snowing, but Dent hitched up the horses and, with Dan alongside, to pick

**The  
Fiddle**





Henry Lloyd Brewer at about 14 years.

*"When there was a hard job to do he would offer to do it if he could have a fiddle."*

out the instrument, they went to town and, in Mark Cook's store, bought one for \$7.00, complete with "fiddle-box, rosin and bow" that served the boy for fifty years and with which he came to be the recognized and official "square dance fiddler" of the community.

The years went by and Lloyd grew up, working on the home place, hiring out to others at farming, threshing, clearing, ditching, cutting timber, sawing lumber and building buildings. A top hat he had, with stock tie and Prince Albert, and, with his testament under his arm, went regularly to church and prayer meeting. His sister, Addie, said in 1945, "Lloyd was proud and stylish, wore the best clothes and always went to church. He was a favorite with the local girls and always had his choice of the best of them. He had a good horse and rig and was always welcome in the best families."

He finally bought a half interest in a sawmill and it was while operating it, at South Millers Corners, that he met Elmira. After their marriage, he farmed a little, but he loved machinery and often worked on threshing machines, sawmills, etc. A few years later he bought a shingle mill of the portable type and was often away from home, running it. He got \$1.50 a thousand for sawing shingles and the farmer furnished the lumber, properly sawed in blocks, at the mill. All the while he farmed a bit, raised stock, cut wood, built



fences and otherwise kept up the farm. He built a large, new barn on the farm in 1900, and in 1909, a very large new house. The lumber for both was felled and sawed on the farm and, where necessary, was hauled four miles to be milled. It was entirely weather-seasoned for there was no kiln available.

Life at  
South  
Millers  
Corners

His great interest in mechanical things led him to buy the first Columbia Chain Drive bicycle in the neighborhood and, while automobiles were yet quite in their infancy, he bought a 1902 model Oldsmobile with the little curved dashboard and the radiator and motor both beneath the floor. It had no steering wheel, but was steered with a lever and was cranked by a crank at the side. It was a one cylinder job and would run about twenty miles an hour on the level, but generally had to be pushed up anything steeper than a medium grade. It was the cause of much joking among the neighbors and probably some envy. Though most everyone was amused when it got stuck on a hill or in the mud, I am sure that they all liked to ride in it and would have liked to have one themselves.

Lloyd became fast friends with Chester Levering, who seemed to fill the gap left when his brother, Frank, died, and throughout the nearly forty years of their association, I never heard a harsh word pass between them. Unlike as they were, Chester so calm and Lloyd so explosive, they loved and appreciated one another as have few men I have known.

He had an inquiring mind and loved to learn things and explore new fields. As early as 1893, he attended the World's Fair at Chicago and later, the World's Fairs at Buffalo, in 1900 and St. Louis, in 1904. He always went alone and came home full of stories and accounts of what he had seen. It made him very popular at the country stores and other gathering places and many and wonderful were the tales he told.





Henry Lloyd Brewer at about twenty-one years.

*"Lloyd was proud and stylish, wore the best clothes and always went to church."*



Lloyd loved dogs and was known as one of the best and most constant hunters in the community. He always kept hounds of one kind or another, mostly of the fox and coon variety. In company with Floren Mann, Cor Wagner and others, he would follow the fox hounds from night-fall to day-break, getting no further action out of it than listening to the dogs and, by the sound of the barking, telling whose dog was ahead and whose had lost the trail. He never killed a fox and did all he could to keep others from killing any. I remember once when I was about ten years old, we went to a Fourth of July celebration at Chesterville. One of the farmers, in some manner, had caught a fox unharmed and had him in a chicken crate on exhibit at the celebration. He said he kept him in a corn crib at home. My father stayed until after dark and the farmer took the fox home, then he bought a brace and a one inch bit and when we came to the farmer's house on our way home, he got out of the buggy and crept through the farm yard to the corn crib and very silently bored enough holes through the side to detach one slat, then he left the hole open and came back to the buggy, expressing the greatest satisfaction that the fox would find the hole and be gone in the morning.

Each year, practically up to the time of his death, he went with a group of sportsmen to the Walhonding River, some forty miles east, where they would live in tents for a week or so and hunt fox, fish and drink beer.

Lloyd loved good horses and always had a buggy horse that could pass anything else in the country. These horses were generally wild and unreliable and every few months would run off and tear up the buggy. Knowing their instability, he ordinarily bought only old buggies, or, as he called them, "road wagons." Mother always owned a safer horse and good buggy, which she never allowed him to drive.

He loved turtle soup and fried turtles and, with Uncle Chester, would forage in the swamps and along the streams,

hunting for them. I have known them to bring in twelve or fifteen turtles from a single hunt. He loved to hunt and shoot quail and rabbits. He generally went by himself or with Uncle Chester, but, once each year, he invited all the Lutheran preachers in the Mansfield Circuit to come and hunt with him. It made a great party, for they all came. Mother always cooked a tremendous dinner and a tremendous supper for them. He loved to talk and argue with the preachers about their religious theories. Though he was not a very religious man from a church standpoint, he always maintained strict honesty in his dealings and was the first to denounce people who were shady in business. He despised hypocrites and sham Christians. He often sang or hummed church hymns while working or thinking and would never tolerate any ridicule of religion or religious faith.

He disliked funerals, but always went, as he said, to "show respect."

He was a fast believer in the Democratic party and government and actually made discrimination, in some cases, in his associates because their political beliefs were otherwise. He liked to study old and new things and talked with the oldest people in the community. As a result, he was an excellent local historian and, had this history been commenced in his life time, it would have contained a great many things that cannot now be had.

He loved cock fights and, after good automobiles and roads were built, would drive great distances, sometimes a hundred miles, to a meet. They were unlawful and, from time to time, the law would step in and some minor punishment would be inflicted, but he continued to attend them and, in later years, actually raised and owned some fighting cocks, himself.

While he probably never attended school beyond the fifth or sixth grade, he was a great respecter of education and culture and knew how to talk to educated and refined people.



Few men were better posted on the affairs of government and economics and, though he never accumulated any great amount of money, it was his proud boast that he never owed any one or used money for foolishness when it was needed for necessities.

He loved his drinks and sometimes drank more than was good for him. He made hard cider and generally had some on hand. A keg of beer and a few good companions, in the barn or the nearby woods, was the delight of his heart and many were the times he had it. Until 1910, there was a licensed distillery, two miles east, on a small stream called Lost Run, where Lost Run Rye Whiskey was made, aged, bonded and sold, by the bottle, jug or barrel, for \$2.35 a gallon, F.O.B. the spigot. A goodly lot he bought of it in his younger days——yea, and drank, too, though he was generous with it and his drinking companions consumed a substantial part.

There seemed to be a mutual understanding between him and Mira in these matters of drinking, and, while she drank nothing herself, she seemed to feel that, if he enjoyed such pleasures, it was his right to indulge. Not even when he “got too much” did she upbraid him, but generally met him at the door or even helped him put his horse away and, without faultfinding or complaint, plied him with food or black coffee as seemed best, till he was ready for bed.

They both loved company and were “good visitors” wherever they went, but mostly, they liked to “have company” at home and it mattered little who came, the welcome mat was out. Benighted travelers, without credentials or assuring appearance, were cheerfully admitted and furnished the best the house afforded. The parlor bedroom was ever ready for any wandering pack peddler, drummer, avowed tramp or any nondescript that happened along and payment was neither required nor accepted. Tramps, black or white, who would come to the door and ask permission to sleep in

the barn, always ended up in the "parlor bedroom" and had breakfast with the family in the morning, before resuming their travels. Mother would say, "We ought to treat everyone as if they were somebody. Maybe they were, once." Where this custom of turning no one from their door originated, I never knew, but no one else in the neighborhood ever sheltered wayfarers and it was generally predicted by everyone that some day we'd be "robbed and murdered." They had a keen respect for learning and education and woe to their child who had "trouble with the teacher," for he found he had plenty more at home when the news got there, and no matter if he was——or thought he was——right or wrong, he got a whipping that more than matched the one the teacher had given him. They always said, "We can't leave our children much when we go, but if they'll take it, we'll give them the best of education." I can still see my father beating on the table and bellowing, "Knowledge is



The new Brewer home at South Millers Corners.

*"The house by the side of the road, where, so long,  
they loved to live and be friends of man, is peopled  
by strangers now,——"*

Power!," when any poor miscreant of his children seemed to be weakening in the battle for some of that power. With so many varied things to do, and all of the woods, fields and creeks to explore, it was seldom the whole family was together, except at meal time, so he generally utilized that



period to expound his philosophies and deliver his orations and ultimatums. Mother generally sat quiet during these times and, except for a few occasions when she feared for the safety of the crockery we called china, never remonstrated when he emphasized his sentiments with two-handed beatings on the table as he generally did. Sometimes she even added her bit which rarely consisted of more than, "Now you hear what Papa says." She never whipped or tried to chastise us in any way, but always threatened to "tell Papa" on us and that generally had the desired effect, for Papa had a habit of laying the gad on us, based on her report, without listening to our side of it.

She had "her money," gleaned from the cows, chickens, turkeys and fruit, and he had his, from heavier farm stuff



(Left to right, seated) Henry Lloyd Brewer and Elmira Levering Brewer. (Standing) Edward Denton Brewer, Mary Brewer Banbury and Robert David Brewer. Photo 1927.

*"Once in a while back to the scenes of childhood and the companionship of those already graying oldsters——"*



and the sheep and horses and from his earnings at such extra-farm activities as he carried on. When we needed money for schooling, it was furnished, now by one and then by the other, but, I think, mostly by Mother. He paid the taxes, which, they agreed, evened up her owning the farm. Perhaps, at times, they had disagreements between them, but I can truthfully say that I never heard a real quarrel or threat of one.

In the summer of 1927, he complained that he was "not feeling well," though not much was thought or done about it. In September, he became ill enough to be confined to bed where he contracted pneumonia and in a few days passed away. During his last few hours, when he suspected his end was near, he talked cheerfully of his life and once said, "Well I may as well be going. My work is done and I have lived as I would again, if I could. The children are all raised and doing for themselves, better than I could do for them. There is enough saved to take care of your mother and I would rather die now than be sick for a long time and be a burden and use up your mother's living. I don't want any flowers or singing at the funeral. Just have them read,

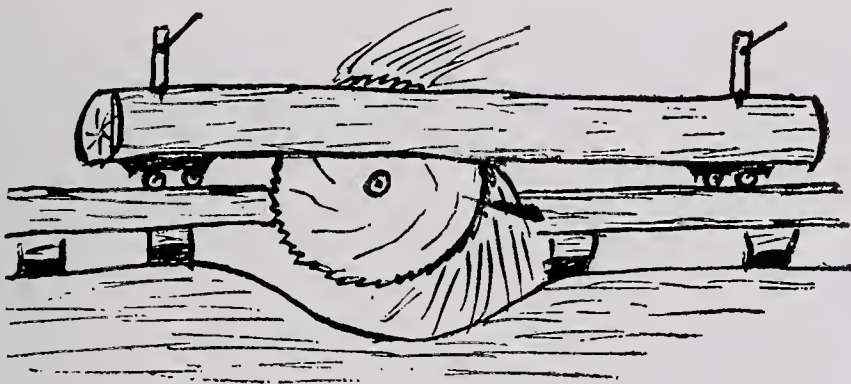
Sunset and Evening Star  
And one clear call to me;  
Let there be no moaning at the bar  
When I put out to Sea."

His wishes were carried out. Friends, rich and poor, assembled from miles around. It was the largest funeral I ever knew of in the vicinity and was, itself, convincing evidence of the breadth and fullness of the life he lived.

Mother lived on, in shocked aloneness, with the thousand mementos of those happier days all around her, till, in 1938, withered and shrunken like the last leaf in autumn, she drifted away to join the friends and companions of her youth. Down the paved highway that now has replaced the winding, yellow, dirt road of her childhood, they bore her, to rest in the now spacious Owl Creek Cemetery, by the side



of all those others she had known and loved so well. The house by the side of the road, where, so long, they loved to live and be friends of man, is peopled by strangers now, and the scenes they knew so well now know them no more. Giant couriers of the air now pierce the skies above them and the thundering wheels of progress, with new and bewildering philosophies, have all but obliterated the bygone era they thought could never pass away.



## CHAPTER XXII

### Of Us and Ours

But back once more to their youth at South Millers Corners and their honeymoon, still only begun. On June 12, 1892, was born their first child, Frank, named for the brother Frank his father had loved so well. But, alas he was soon to leave them, for on September 27th, three months later, a sudden illness took him from them and left them sorrowfully alone.

**Frank  
Brewer**

But the next year, August 15, 1893, another son, Robert



The old house at South Millers Corners: (Left to right, Chester Levering; Dunbar Armstrong, a neighbor boy; Henry Lloyd Brewer; Elmira Levering Brewer; in arms, Robert David Brewer.

*“——back once more to their youth at South Millers Corners and their honeymoon, still only begun.”*

David, named for “Uncle Bob” Fish and Grandfather David Levering, and those elder Scottish Davids, came to bless their fireside. He was a precocious child, with a high temper and a tendency to express himself without restraint or diplomacy. Energetic and fearless of toil, he was soon doing

**Robert  
David  
Brewer**



the minor chores around the house and demanding greater responsibilities. At the age of twelve, he was "hiring out" to neighboring farmers and saving his money for "when he grew up." His school work was superior and great things were predicted for him. He was to be a preacher, his father said, and, when he had graduated from High School, at Johnsville, to which he had walked four miles every day, during his studies there, he was bundled off to Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, to get the finishing touches.

However, in spite of the plans so hopefully made, he quickly developed a closer affinity for the departments of chemistry and physics than the theological, with the result that he became a chemist and a physicist and not a preacher at all. The change in career was, nevertheless, no cause for later regrets. The talents and abilities he has demonstrated in his chosen field have contributed substantially to the development of the rubber and tire industry, and to the betterment of his financial and economic position, as well.

He served in the United States Army in 1917-18 and a short time after his discharge, was married, in 1918, to Edna Wakeman, of Delaware, Ohio. They had one son, Grover Lloyd, who, to their great sorrow, died in 1934, at the age of fifteen years. For more than twenty-five years he has been associated with the Mansfield Tire & Rubber Company at Mansfield, Ohio and their home is at 545 Marion Avenue in that City. But, back to Lloyd and Mira, on the farm, busily acquiring posterity in their new home.

A year and a half later, on March 27, 1895, a new arrival muscled in on the family circle, at South Millers Corners. Edward Denton, redhaired and freckled, named after Grandfather Denton Brewer and Old Doctor Edwards, who "kibitzed" the Stork, set the windows rattling with his natal cry and your humble author was on his way to bore you with this family history. Often competitors—even childish en-

**Edward  
Denton  
Brewer**



emies——Bob and Ed were generally allies against all others. Fights, there were, and many of them——with others and with one another, but all in all, it was a happy and fulsome childhood.

School Days——across the road, in the one-room school-house——and the wholesome teachings of a succession of earnest, patient teachers,——men and women, of whom I can now think nothing but good. Failings and shortcomings they must have had, but their honest, hopeful efforts to build character and teach morals and refinement as well as mere “book-learning” have long ago obliterated from my memory any such human traits, if any actually existed.

My first bicycle——Father’s old one, without tires and often without a chain——and then a real one, with tires and everything, paid for with my earnings at “picking up



Johnsville High School

“——High School and the four miles, each way,  
every day——”



potatoes." It widened my range and stirred my imagination of farther places.

Then High School and the four miles each way, every day——more teachers——a professor who addressed me and all the "other kids" as "Mister"——new and beautiful girls——I hadn't noticed them before——Bigger and better games with "kids" old enough to play them——going to church alone——sitting in the "back rows" with the "big boys"——"walking home" with the girls from school and church——"making" the High School Baseball team——and then the "Town Team"——Father, proudly hauling the whole team in his "Krit" five-passenger auto, just because of me, the youngest boy on the "Town Team"——Schmutzlers, in Mansfield, where my maturity was first acknowledged by the bar-keep——Teaching school at "No. 4"——Heiseys, in Newark, and my first "job" in a factory——The B & O Railway and all the "Brotherhood"——Goodyear and "Ma" Tabrons boarding house in Akron——Ohio Wesleyan——Baseball——Football——new worlds to conquer——The War——Columbus Barracks——Hoboken——Brest——The Third Division——I'm the Top-kick!——Chateau Thierry——Bar-le-Duc——Paris——The Argonne——mud——lice——rats——Boche——Victory——Hinky Dinky, Parley Voo——The Rhine——A. E. F. University——Home!

Fond parents had hoped I would be a doctor, but, alas, in the War, my Buddy had been a law student at the University of Chicago and while in A. E. F. University, I studied Law. When the time came to return to school, I went to the University of Chicago Law School, all to my father's great disappointment, for, he said, "Lawyers are nothing but shy-sters and three-fourths of them can't make a living."

So, back again to school——life at 6425 Ellis Avenue——"Ma" Bratfish——Delta Chi——"The Widow Strickland"——sacking prunes at Monkey-Ward——Bus-boy in





Edward Denton Brewer, Photo 1919 on  
The Rhine.

*“——I’m the Top-kick——”*

the cafeteria —— patched clothes and home-washed linen——and, Glory be! the coveted “Sheepskin” at last.

Then away to Oregon ——the lumber camps, river drives, Mapleton, Reedsport, Canary.

Then marriage——the homestead, the shack on the hill, the tunnel, the mountains, the deer.

Then “outside” and Arkansas, the Ford, Pottsville, Russellville, “Her Folks,” “Judge” Holland, —— and off to Oklahoma. Sand Springs —— Tulsa —— school teaching —— The Central National Bank——studying for the Bar——a lawyer at last.

And so to building a house——and a home——babies——worries——years ——and years. Once in a while back to the scenes of childhood and the companionship of those already graying oldsters who could have told me so much about the things I have attempted to write for you, though I never thought to ask them. They had always been there



——could always tell me——there was plenty of time——so they passed away, slowly, at first, then faster and faster——memories slowly dimming, and then, one day, they all were gone——all of those kindly, loving, sympathetic people who meant so much to me in those days of the now long ago.

We live today, in 1947, at 2309 East 13th Street, in Tulsa, Oklahoma,——my wife, the former Lettie Robertson, of Pottsville, Arkansas, and our three sons, George Edward, born January 7, 1924, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, now twenty-three years old, Bachelor of Arts, Phi Beta Kappa, University of Missouri, 1945, and now University of Missouri, College of Law; Robert Levering, born February 19, 1928, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, now nineteen years old, ex-University of Oklahoma, 1949, married February 10, 1947 to Patricia Thorp, and now a Pfc. in the United States Marine Corps; Charles Denton, born February 8, 1931, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, now sixteen years old, Senior in Tulsa Central High School.

**George  
Edward  
Brewer**

**Robert  
Levering  
Brewer**

**Charles  
Denton  
Brewer**

But back to Lloyd and Mira, for we left them, in 1895, at South Millers Corners with their two new sons and their youth still unspent.

On December 23, 1896, a new and much-hoped-for blessing lightened their home——a daughter, Mary——named after the multitude of Marys in the now long history of Leverings and Brewers. Out of the cradle and into the trundle bed with his elder brother went the latest son and Mary took over. Healthy and strong she grew——blue-eyed and dark-haired, after the Welsh, Scotch and Dutch pioneers of those earlier generations, and was soon tom-boying about the place with her brothers.

**Mary  
Brewer**

Then to school, across the road and into the kitchen, the garden and the milking lot, and, before the busy family was aware of it, she was a woman and a child no more.

Imperious and decisive by nature, she held her own in all conflicts with her brothers and school-mates. Inquisitive

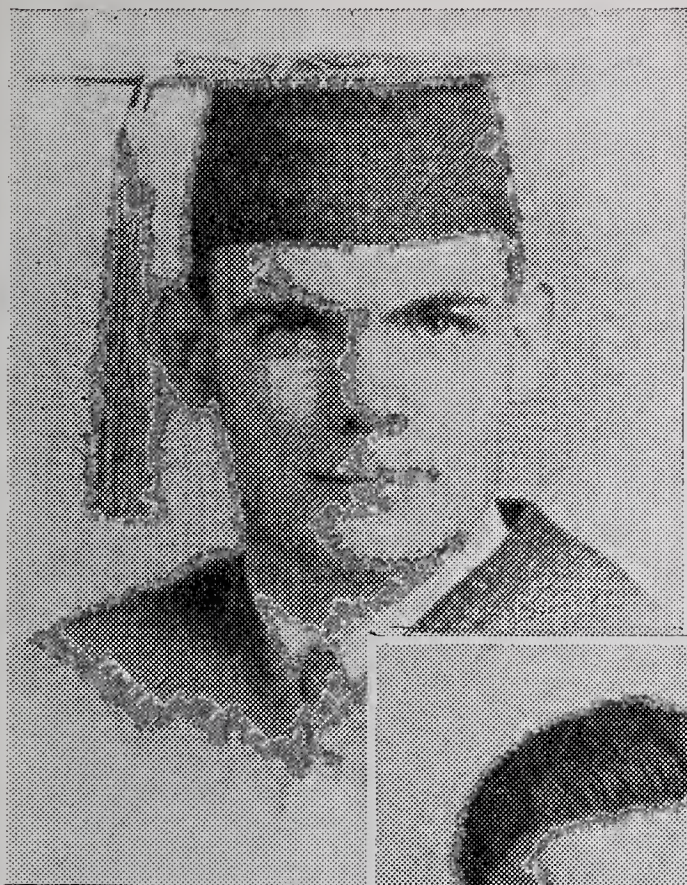
and curious, she gained a ready knowledge of everything around her and readily made use of it as her own. A queer combination was her nature——jealous, acquisitive and possessive of what was hers, she was nevertheless generous with it, at times, to the point of utterly giving it away. She early declared her disinterest in studying in school——but generally made good grades——and from time to time ventured that she would like to be a dress-maker, a nurse, a store clerk, a milliner, etc., and doubtless meant it, too.

But the powers had willed it otherwise, for, at eighteen, deserting all projected careers, she followed her heart and her career of wifedom and motherhood enveloped her to the exclusion of all else.

Married, in 1915, to Hugh Banbury of Danville, Ohio, they set up their home there, on a farm, near the outskirts, and there they live today. Five children were born to them. Geraldine Elmira, was born March 17, 1916, married July 6, 1937, to Wilbert E. Sellers, now ex-United States Navy and living in Loudonville, Ohio; Wayne Lloyd was born August 21, 1918, married to Evelyn Derrenberger on October 6, 1940, died June 29, 1942 at the age of twenty-four years. He was a happy, laughing boy and a cheerful, willing and helpful man, loved and trusted by everyone. His death was a deep shock to Mary and Hugh and often and greatly must their faith have wavered in their sad extremity. Edward Paul was born December 21, 1920, now ex-United States Navy; his twin brother, unnamed, died shortly after birth; Evelyn Louisa, was born April 8, 1923, married, March 2, 1941, to Fred Hughett, now ex-Sea-Bee, United States Navy, and at home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. And now, back again to South Millers Corners, where the froth of the honeymoon is giving place to the deep satisfying happiness of true conjugal understanding.

On January 25, 1898, a second daughter was born to Lloyd and Mira, whom they named Nellie. To their great

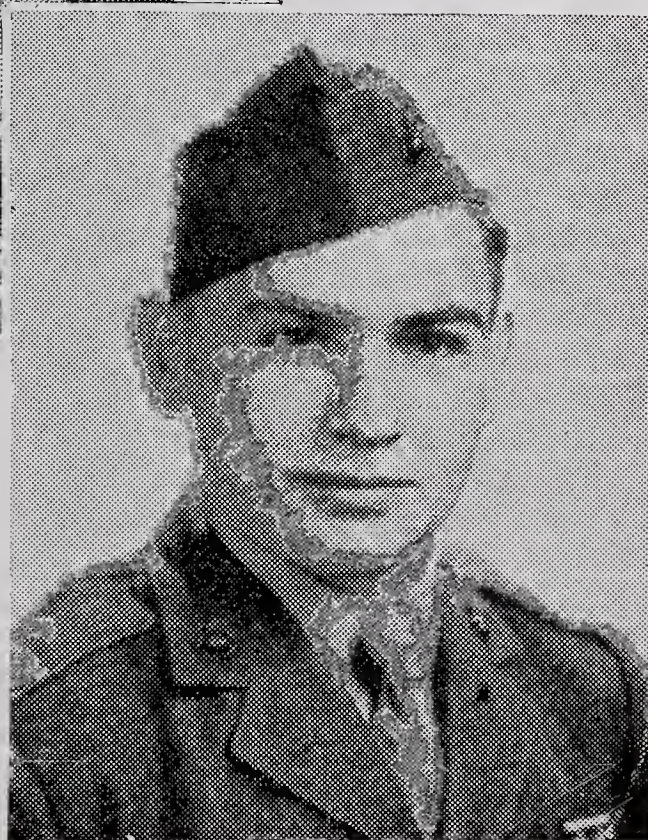




George Edward  
Brewer, B.A.  
Phi Beta Kappa  
University of  
Missouri,  
1945



Charles Denton  
Brewer  
Senior  
Central High  
School



Robert Levering  
Brewer, Pfc.  
U. S. Marine  
Corps



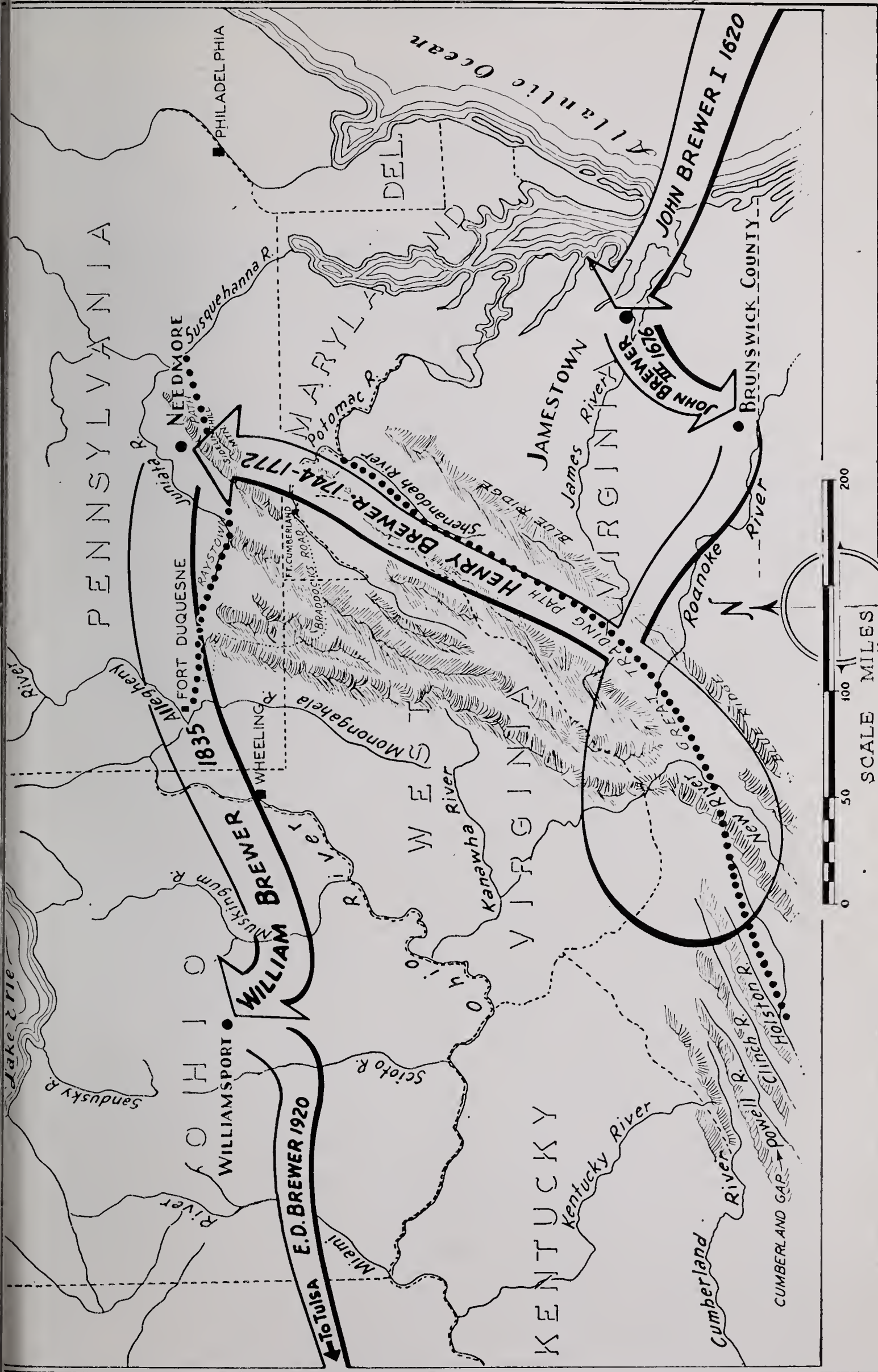
sorrow, and the bewilderment of the rest of us children, she died before her second birthday and a little vacancy lingered forever afterward in our home circle. Not much was said about it, but there it was and stayed and stays forever.



(Left to right) Edward Denton Brewer, Robert David Brewer, Mary Brewer, Photo 1900.

*“—all in all, it was a happy and fulsome childhood.”*





Three hundred years of going West.

“And so you see us now as a long line of travellers to the West”

## CHAPTER XXIII

### Early Robertsons

And now to your mother, Lettie Robertson Brewer, whose family story you doubtless await with interest, but of whose ancestry I have learned somewhat less than of my own.

In the State of Georgia, lies all of the background of the Robertson family, so a brief account of its beginning may be of interest and enlightenment to you. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, the Old World was rife with persecution and torture of unfortunate minorities, principally religious and political, but many were persecuted for debt, as well. The new economic freedom in England, resulting from the decay of serfdom, brought about the growth of credit and the relation of debtor and creditor that had not existed before. A serf could earn no money so he could get no credit nor did he need any, for his master provided for his simple wants. But when, with the rise of industries, he became a wage-earner, he sometimes got money with which to buy his daily needs. His likelihood of earning money led merchants and loaners of money to extend him credit. Credit—not too wisely extended—soon ran beyond our workers' ability to pay and he defaulted. Something had to be done about it, so, since it was the law that he must pay his debts, failure to pay must be a violation of law. And, for a violation of law, imprisonment was the punishment. Into the jail went the defaulter till he rotted or his friends would pay his debt and bail him out. Debtors prisons were filled with unfortunates who had no friends to come to their assistance. Men, who owed trifling debts, were spending their lifetimes in medieval dungeons from which death—often welcomed—was their only escape. Civil and penal processes were hopelessly entangled. There were



rumblings of social and political revolution and the thrones of some of the mighty began to feel the tremblings of disorder among the Masses. Most people wanted to do something about it, but no one had a plan.

In 1732, James Oglethorpe, moved by the sad plight of these unfortunates, proposed to King George II that the debtors prisons be emptied into the new land of the Americas and, on June 9, 1732, was granted a charter to found a colony west of the Savannah and thence transport the inmates of debtors prisons. It was his plan to establish a communal colony, for, in the beginning, no debtor had any private property and most had little apparent likelihood of getting any. He, therefore, established a government of twenty trustees in whom all authority should be vested and by whom all property should be held in trust for the common interest.

With these fair plans, the King was glad to be rid of his impecunious burden, so, with the dawn of 1733, the movement started and the State of Georgia, or the embryo thereof, was off to take its place in the history of the New World. Braving the wintry storms of the Atlantic, in the tiny ship, "Anne," they came,—one hundred and twenty-five prison debtors—and landed on February 12, 1733, eighteen miles up the Savannah River, amid such wilderness as none of them had ever seen before, and with such fears and misgivings as we may well imagine. The little colony was augmented from time to time by fresh outpourings from the prisons and by groups of religious refugees as well—Scotch Presbyterians, Moravians, Lutherans, and others—and became a thriving community and a credit to the crown.

Believing that the immigrants would be improvident and shiftless, the trustees allotted a limit of fifty acres to each and provided against the alienation of any such rights. However, in a short time, it became evident that these men were imbued, in the new surroundings, with the same motives and desires as other men and such restrictions were forthwith re-

moved. They were not criminals; they were not shiftless; they were only men in debt. The communal principles were abandoned and a crown colony was established, with all of the freedoms of private ownership and enterprise. Whiskey and slavery were first prohibited, but, yielding to the customs of adjoining colonies, these prohibitions were soon violated and eventually were abolished. Religion was free and churches and preaching circuits were soon established under the leadership of Anglican, Lutheran, Moravian, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist preachers and many other creeds and cults, some now extinct.

The nature of the farming fitted well with the slave system and, in 1766, an official census showed a population of 10,000 Whites and 7,800 Negro slaves. Houses were mostly of logs, with a so-called "breezeway" or "dog-trot" open corridor through the center, all covered by a common roof. It served as wash room, kennel, repair shop, laundry and even a lounge, where "company" often sat to visit and swat flies on summer afternoons and livestock sought shelter when winter closed in.

To this colony came John and Charles Wesley, in 1736, bringing the New Methodism. The Revolutionary War touched it only lightly, action being limited chiefly to Guerilla warfare. However, after independence had been established, great cruelty was exercised by the "patriots" in their confiscation of the estates of the "tories" and many a "Fine Southern Family" could trace the beginnings of its opulence to confiscated lands of tories, bestowed on its ancestor, as reward for his "patriotism" in the war with the Mother Country.

The Civil War found Georgia the very center of the "Southern" way of life, with great plantations and a marked gradient of society, ranging from the owner, through a series of less and less responsible white merchants, tradesmen, employees, overseers, etc., down to the negro slave, who, in the



system, might well have been rated zero. Tobacco and cotton were the chief crops. Roads and canals were few and poor and railroads were only beginning to be built. The ravages of war decimated the population, freed the slaves, demolished the towns and destroyed three-fourths of the wealth of the State. Reconstruction was slow, Northern capital dominated the economic life of the postwar communities and the violently changed fortunes threw the entire State into confusion. New and confusing social problems caused the rise of the Ku Klux Klan and its brief Reign of Terror. Thirty-two negroes, in 1868, sat in the first legislature. Carpetbaggers (Federal political appointees from out of the state) dominated the Government and lawlessness prevailed generally. An overproduction of cotton (1876-1882) completed the disaster and both owner and tenant were soon floundering in bankruptcy.

This period marked a general exodus of the middle class landowners and better tenant classes toward the West, and, with them, went your ancestor, James Lafayette Robertson, of whom you shall hear more in detail, to Arkansas, along the trail to the "Indian Country" and Texas.

Across the Mississippi, to Little Rock and over the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, he came to Knoxville, his whole family with him, his worldly goods carried in hand baggage and his entire capital——six silver dollars——pinned in his pocket with a safety pin.

James had been born near Social Circle, Georgia, on October 22, 1835, more than a hundred years after the sturdy little "Anne" or her successors, had deposited his penniless forbears on the shores of the Land of Freedom. A hundred years of sunshine and shade,——war and peace——births and deaths——sorrows and joys——triumph and despair. The New Land had prospered and with it the Robertsons and their kin. It is, however, with great regret that I must confess that I can follow their fortunes and achievements

no further backward than James' father. For of the Robertsons before him we have no knowledge, except tradition handed down from father to son by word of mouth.

**Early  
Robertsons  
in Georgia**

Scotchmen, we think they were, members of the original Colony and that their fortunes were ever founded in the soil and the clearing and tillage thereof. But specifically when they came or where they landed, we can only guess, for we first meet them only in the vicinity of Social Circle, forty miles east of Atlanta. From whence the oldsters came there, we are unable to say and their names and fortunes must remain forever unknown. The Scotch—and the Robertsons are certainly Scotch—were among the earlier of the immigrants, as I have said, and we think that they originally settled on the western shores of the Savannah. Around them were the Creek and Cherokee Indians and for years afterwards a subdued and sometimes violent war raged between the tribes and the settlers. Many the pioneer who returned from toil or hunting to find his home in ashes and his family slain or captured—and many the feathered brave whose last moment on earth was seen by the gray-blue eye of some pioneer Scotchman over the sights of "Old Betsy," the trusty squirrel rifle that finally conquered the wilderness. In log huts, they must have lived at first, for all were poverty ridden and each must build his own habitation with what means and materials were at hand. They lived on corn and a little rice and what could be gleaned from the vegetation and wild game of the surrounding forests and streams. Tobacco was the chief crop for money getting, and was about the only medium of exchange at the stores and trading stations, so we may be sure they raised tobacco. Transportation and travel were almost exclusively by rivers and creeks for there were not—nor were there for many years—any roads or bridges for public use. Tobacco would be pressed into a giant hogshead and an axle pushed through the center of the heads to which, on either end, shafts and



ropes would be attached and the whole vessel rolled, by pushing and by pulling the ropes, to the nearest market or flatboat that could carry it to market by river or stream. The paths to stream or market had to follow the ridges and higher ground to avoid crossing small creeks and swamps that would wet the cargo and these paths eventually became the roads of travel and commerce, along which poorer people built their homes and tried to farm the higher and more infertile soil. They were known as "Tobacco Roads" and, to this day, some are still so designated, and poorer people still dwell along them as of yore.



Topsy

Uncle  
Tom's  
Cabin

## CHAPTER XXIV

### Bedford Robertson

From such humble beginnings these forbears must have sprung for all were equal in those days of beginnings and we may find comfort in the observation that they lived no more humbly than others.

But not for too long, because, three generations later, possibly in the graying lifetime of the original "Old Jailbird" himself, we find our Robertsons, in the person of James' father, Bedford, living in comparative opulence, in the suburbs, one mile from Social Circle, Georgia, in a large, square, frame house with the conventional two-story white columns up the front. A long line of slave houses strung out along the back, with endless rows of snowy cotton reaching far away towards the green foothills in the west. Many a flower had bloomed and faded since that far-away time when the first Robertson, the light of adventure shining through the prison pallor on his cheek, had first set foot on the soil of freedom and mightily had the family fortunes changed, as well.

Bedford was born in 1812 near Social Circle, Georgia and was a throwback to the original Scotch of prose and poetry and, to add, was proud of it. He was dour and taciturn, with gray-blue eyes and bushy brows, and from six-foot stature, looked down with scorn on all who ventured to advise him. In the words of his contemporaries, he was "the most don't-care man you ever saw." He owned many slaves and many acres to work them on and he owed no man nor allowed many to owe him. He cared for his slaves as if they were his own family and when one got sick he brought it into the house, called his personal physician and watched over it as a child till it was well again. Nearby planters talked about him because of this, and inferred that he was



a "Nigger Man,"——always out of his hearing, of course——for no one wanted to face him in an encounter when he was aroused, as he certainly would have been, had he known of it. He had two older brothers, Bennett and Silas, who lived in the vicinity of Social Circle. He married Phoebe Thrasher, the daughter of a nearby planter, and to them were born, James Lafayette, Greene, Bennett, George and Phoebe. Widowed when James was sixteen, he married again and had four more children, one of whom, Julia Picklesimon, was lately and perhaps is still living on a part of the home place.

He lived to witness the destruction of the Old South and its lovable ways and, unlike many another who sought new lands and people, he was to "tough it out" through the social and economic upheaval, clinging perilously to his dwindling fields till, in 1899, his tired old body lay down, grateful for the final six feet of earth that now would be forever his.



## CHAPTER XXV

### James Robertson

His son, James, already an established citizen at Knoxville, Arkansas, his family grown up and married and grandchildren all around him, was soon to follow him, for, in 1910, battered and worn by war, disappointment, poverty and toil, his journey ended in the little cemetery of Pisgah near Pottsville, where in his later years he had come to live, near his oldest son, George. He had been born in DeKalb County, Georgia and grew up in comfortable circumstances, on Old Bedford's plantation at Social Circle.

Single and unattached when the Civil War broke out, he "joined up" with the Army of The Confederacy, leaving his two sections of land and thirty-five slaves in the care of his family, and marched away, a Private in the Infantry, to four years of heartbreaking war, starvation and defeat. And, when the sad ceremony at Appomattox ended the hopeless struggle, he walked back home, worn, ragged and starved, to find his slaves freed, his buildings burned, his stock and implements stolen and his family in despair. With the little that was left, he set out to make a crop and to rebuild what he had lost.

Two years later we see him marrying Sarah Colston, the sweetheart of his childhood and whom he had known almost all his life. They set up housekeeping on the rundown remains of the plantation and, for more than a dozen years, fought the wolf from the door with less and less success, till, in 1880, finally starved out and beaten, they collected what little was theirs, sold their property and livestock, and, with their children and a small amount of hand-baggage, boarded a train for "The West" and Knoxville, Arkansas.

With six silver dollars, his whole fortune in money, he



climbed off the train at Knoxville on the 14th day of November, 1880, with his wife and children and started cutting cord-wood for the railroad at 50 cents a cord. The whole family worked out by the day whenever work could be had and the next year they put in a share crop in the neighborhood, living the while in a cabin on a bit of the land and filling the hungry mouths of the little ones with garden stuff and a little meat worked out in trade with the neighbors.

**James  
Robertson  
Emigrates  
to  
Arkansas**



**James Robertson and Sarah Colston, his wife.**

*“—bad as it was, it might easily have been worse.”*

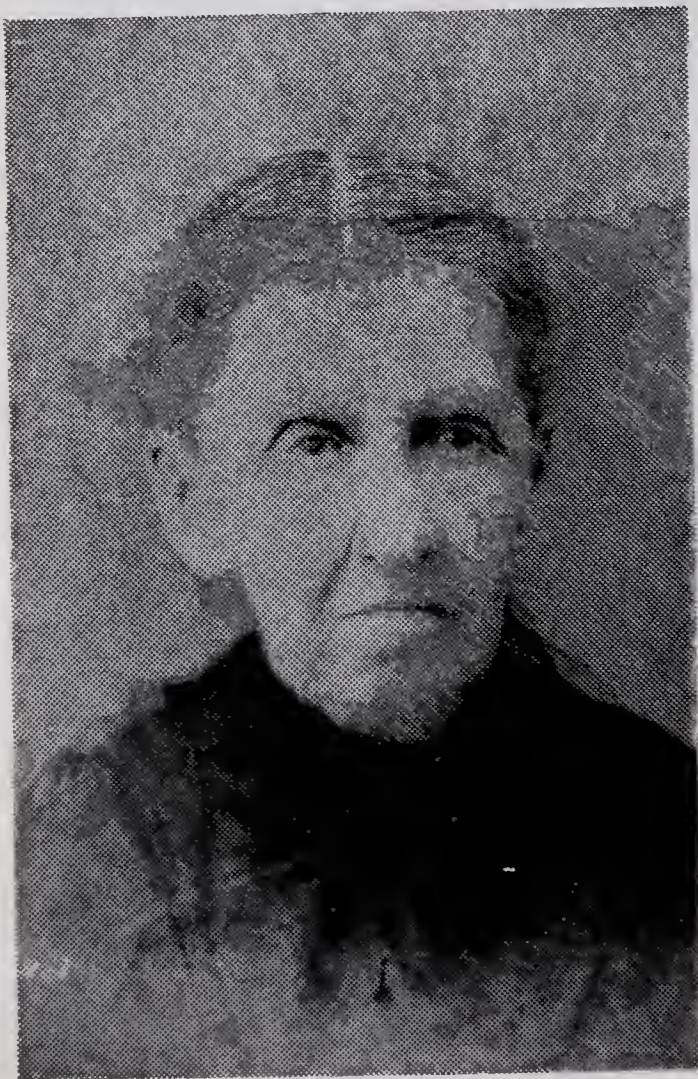
One crop followed another and dollar mounted on dollar, till farm animals could be bought and, finally, a small place to call their own. The children grew and accumulated, and, once in a while, for a month or two, attended a “subscription” school in the neighborhood kept up by the private contributions of the parents, though often not kept up at all. Troubled, in later years, by ill health and ever in meager circumstances, he felt himself fortunate to be able to rear his family in homespun respectability and philosophically



observed, from time to time, that, bad as it was, it might easily have been worse.

After his death, Sarah lived on among her children, calm and cheerful through all her days, ever confident of the Unseen Power that shields the weak and helpless, a little pillar in the family circle from whom every child and grandchild——yea, even great-grandchildren, from time to time had spiritual support and comfort. She died in 1938, and after nearly thirty years of lonesomeness, rests once more, by the side of the husband and sweetheart of her youth, in Pisgah, where, by now, a goodly number of her children have also come to lie.

She had been born April 17, 1848, on a farm in Walton



Susan Jackson Colston, wife of James Colston.

*“——called out from a distance for his wife to bring out clothing and soap.”*

County, Georgia that her father, James Colston, had homesteaded. He was English, and had been brought from Virginia to Georgia in childhood. He is described by those who knew him as a “fine old man.” When sixty-five years old, he was drafted into the Army of the Confederacy during the emergency of Sherman’s March to the Sea, was captured and remained a prisoner till the end of the war. When he returned home, he called out from a distance for his wife to bring out clothing and soap. He then went to the creek, bathed himself, burned his old

clothes, and thus free of lice and dirt, returned to the house



to receive the welcome that awaited him. His wife was Susan Jackson, daughter of Sonk Jackson and cousin of Stonewall Jackson of Civil War fame. Sarah was well educated and her people were of the better class of planters who little dreamed of the hardship and poverty soon to befall their cultured and well-kept offspring, or of the bitter struggle that she would wage for nearly four score years before her body should finally rest under the pines at far-away Pisgah.

And so it all ended—so passed the last of the generations on whom fell the terrible blight of Secession, War and Reconstruction. The wind sowed, the whirlwind reaped, the horrors realized, the tears wept, the struggle endured, they all have gone to rest and now remains but the moral of it all—a moral still unheeded by the wilful, the selfish and the predatory—the moral that social upheaval and war bring suffering, sorrow and regret—that progress comes by honest Christian understanding and sacrifice of prejudice, no matter what—that force invites more force and finally destroys itself and all whose faith is founded on it.



## CHAPTER XXI

### George Washington Robertson

Born in 1868, in the terrible back-wash of the war, at Social Circle, Georgia, in the very middle of the wreckage left in the wake of Sherman's March to the Sea, George Washington Robertson, though no participant in the wrong of secession and conflict, was, nevertheless, thrown directly into the full stream of consequences, and on him fell much of the toil and hardship of regaining the ground lost by the fateful deeds of those others. Twelve years old when the family came to Knoxville, he hired out at once to earn the things they now so sorely needed and, in the years that followed, he never failed to do his part to establish and maintain the family in its new home. His schooling was haphazard and scanty—a few weeks in the summer after the crops were laid by—but his education was broad and useful and he earned it in the University of Hard Knocks, as many another had done—and with pride in the doing of it.

Early  
Life at  
Knoxville,  
Arkansas

In 1880, there were few people living in the "bottom land" of the Arkansas. The "upland" had been homesteaded, even before the Civil War, chiefly by Dutch emigrants from Pennsylvania, who built substantial buildings and established well improved farms and a few towns. The bottom lands were "sickly" and, though people did not then know what caused malaria, they knew it lurked in the lowlands. These uplanders never entered the lowlands till after the frosts, but the new emigrants from other Southern States had long known malaria and were accustomed to live right along with it. They took up the Arkansas Bottoms with great enthusiasm and cleared the timber and put in crops that far surpassed anything they had ever known in the older states. Malaria there was, to be sure, but they had known malaria



all their lives and thought little of it. The lowlands were covered with oak, hickory, ash, cottonwood, sycamore and a little pine and walnut. There were practically no roads and the only adequate transportation was by rivers and creeks. Stern-wheelers and barges came up the Arkansas as far as Dardanelle almost any time of the year and, when the water was high, traveled even beyond Fort Smith.

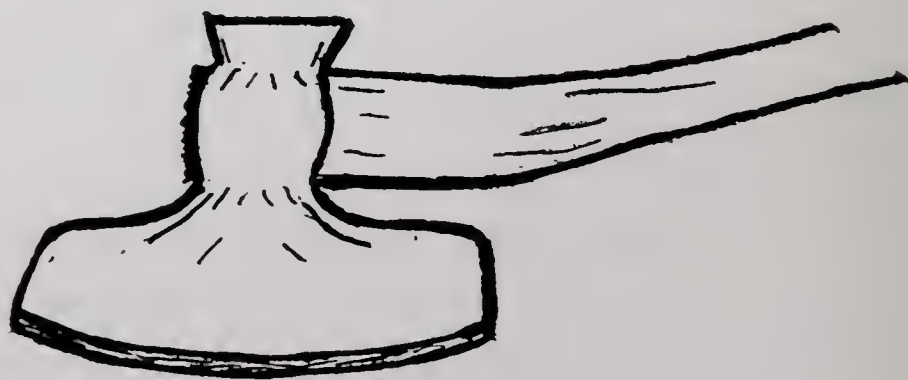
The stage line had come as far as Southern Johnson County. There were no Indians. Game of every kind was plentiful and wolves and catamounts were so numerous and fierce that dogs could not hunt at night and few hunters cared to try.

Houses were mostly of logs; fences of poles; clothing of homespun and the farm furnished the cotton, wool, flax, leather and food to support and clothe the family, with scarcely a dollar spent for "boughten things." Corn pone, fresh, canned and dried fruits and garden vegetables with pork from domestic or sometimes half-wild hogs, all helped out by such wild game as could be shot or trapped, made up the family diet and the women folks spun, wove and sewed the garments for all.

The family lived around the fireplace, which was the sole heating facility and cooked the food, as well, in pots, hanging from the crane, and in dutch ovens, buried in the coals. Pine knots, burning brightly on the hearth, furnished light for the family or neighborhood circle and the ashes went into the lye vat, to leach lye for the soap kettle that whitened the weekly wash.

Thus George lived and grew up, close to Nature, close to the Earth——close to nearly everything of homely kind——close, even to the Wolf, outside the door. When he was twenty-one years old, he bought a team of mules and started to Webbers Falls, Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, to get a job and, later, make a crop in the spring. At Fort Smith, he got a good offer and sold the mules and started out to

find a job. At the wagon yard, where he was sleeping on the hay pile to save room rent, he met Giles Smith of Magazine, Arkansas, who hired him as a farm hand and told him to throw his roll into the wagon and be ready to start. Giles went to the tavern and soon returned, bringing his daughter, Sallie, "the prettiest redheaded girl I ever saw," as George, now nearly eighty years old, still says, and the young man went right off at the deep end. She wanted a hot rock to put at her feet for the cold ride home and George, flustered and confused, "out of his head" she now says, dashed to the bonfire around which the Wagon Yard habitues were sitting, grabbed a rock out of the ashes and, before he found it was so hot, burned his hands on it. He rode in the wagon box behind the seat from where Sallie, perhaps, took an occasional sly peek backwards, for, as she admits, she "never had seen such eyes on any man." At any rate, she must have cast a few glances around during the next few months, for, on March 16, 1890, she "married up" with the new farm hand and away they went, the next July, to Knoxville where, with his savings and a note, they bought two and a half acres of land with a small house on it and began making crops on rented land.





## CHAPTER XXVII

### Sallie Smith

Sallie, as I have said, was the daughter of Giles Lafayette Smith and Martha Jane Burns. Martha Jane's father was Anderson Burns, an Irishman, from near Ringold, Georgia, where he lived to be ninety years old. He was a fiddle player and loved to sit on his porch and play old tunes in the evening-time, while friends and neighbors sat around or lay on the grass nearby. One such evening, he played from twilight till late at night, then went to bed and when they went to wake him in the morning, he was dead. She was born there on the farm, October 8, 1848, and from there she was married to Giles, who took her away to a farm near Chattanooga.

**Martha  
Jane  
Burns**

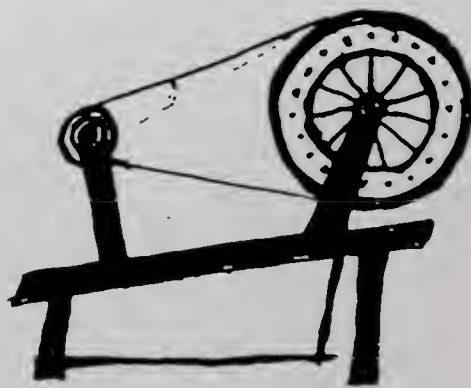


Giles Smith and Martha Jane Burns, his wife.

*"They traded the Missouri farm for two mules and a wagon and moved to Arkansas——"*



Giles had been born in North Carolina, on May 10, 1840, one of a family of ten children, of whom five were black haired and five including him, were red haired. His mother died when he was six, and his brother raised him. He left home at an early age and never saw a relative for thirty years. He joined the Army of The Confederacy at the start of the Civil War and was in practically every important action till, at Missionary Ridge, his foot was shot off and he came home to stay. He moved his family to Dixon, Missouri, on a bottom farm where, for two years, floods washed them out. They traded the Missouri farm for two mules and a wagon and moved to Arkansas, where they lived on farms at Prairie View, Ellsworth and Magazine, where Sallie, who had been born in Tennessee, was married. He later moved to Knoxville, where he farmed, did odd jobs, was Tax Assessor, served in various occupations, and finally died. He was a quiet, diligent, earnest appearing man of slim, medium stature, with flaming red hair and a large beard. She was a neat, unassuming woman, who loved her house and homework and, until her children were grown, she spun, wove and sewed every garment they wore. He died April 17, 1925, she December 20, 1930. Both are buried at Knoxville, Arkansas.





## CHAPTER XXVIII

### George and Sallie Robertson

But back to George and Sallie at Knoxville, where we find George working at clearing land, cutting railroad ties, loading cotton or hauling for hire, to get the money for daily necessities. Here Lettie and Winfred were born before the family moved to a forty acre tract where George built a house and buildings and set up a small farm. Then to a larger tract and more building and still more. Then to Galla Creek, south of Pottsville, where he bought the Captain Parker farm, the remnant of an ante-bellum plantation, owned by Captain Parker's father, and fixed up the old two-story house and made ready to rear and educate his now

At  
Knoxville



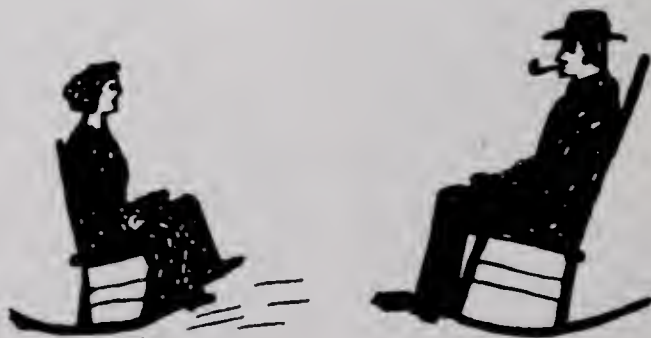
George W. Robertson and Sallie Smith, his wife.

*“—and the memory of it all is calm and beautiful.”*



rapidly growing family of six, (Pauline was yet to arrive) and to build a farmstead, where he could spend his elder days in ease.

**At Pottsville** Sallie, still pert and redheaded, was ever on the job with “what it needed” in every “tight” and the children, now old enough to help, pitched in and, in a few years, the farm, with several additions to it, was paid for and there was money in the bank for “letting out” on mortgage to less fortunate ones. The children married and went away, work was not so necessary, help was hard to get, the time for rest seemed to have come, so George and Sallie went to Pottsville, nearby, fixed up a smaller house and settled down to enjoy a rest. There they live today—a little older and a little slower, but full of thoughts and alive to what goes on in the world around, their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren dropping in for a visit, from time to time, to make them young again for a day. It seems, they say, a long, long way from those days at Magazine when George was working from sunrise to sunset in the field and hurrying through supper to put on his “Sunday best” and sit on the porch with Sallie, or stroll along the road to Church and home again by the longer way around. The land was greener, then—the pools were clearer—the shade was cooler—old folks seemed older—there was more to laugh about—and the memory of it all is calm and beautiful.





## CHAPTER XXIX

### Lettie Robertson

Lettie was born January 11, 1892, in the little house at Knoxville and, by the time the family moved to Pottsville, was a big girl and a big help with the farm and house work. She walked the mile and a half to Pottsville to school and back, and, with the others, sat stiff and a little awed while



Lettie Robertson. Photo 1900.

*“—a big help with the farm and house work.”*

the rural preacher, from his heights in the little pulpit, expounded the Presbyterian doctrines and, once or twice a year, in “protracted meeting,” preached “Real Hell Fire” to stir the local sinners to seek the “salvation” he, somehow, assumed to dispense. She “finished” high school in the little P. H. S. and taught a bit in the rural one-room schools nearby, and, after a time, bigger things in view, made off to Arkadelphia and Ouachita College to pursue the magic learning still further—and then away to the “Big Red University” of Chicago to delve into the

mystery of the law. She would be a lawyer! It was pleasant there, with so many cultured people from so many walks of life, and so many things to do and see, and the year slipped away like a dream. The road to the law seemed long and the end doubtful. And there was Edward Denton Brewer,



whose pedigree may be found on other pages of this volume, who was suggesting, with considerable fervor, that the best road to the law would be to marry a lawyer—even a penniless one—even one without a degree—without connections—without experience—Oh well, who says you have to marry a lawyer anyway! And so back home, where father doubtfully conceded it might not be fatal to marry a man from Ohio, but could not fail to be a severe trial, with little hope of much success. And what about the Evil Day when your children grow old enough that concealment is no longer possible, and, your face flaming with shame and embarrassment, you are finally forced to reveal to them that their father is a “Northerner” (“Nawtheneh”)—a blood descendant of Sherman’s cut-throats—a blueblood—a damyankee? Oh dear! Oh dear! But warnings, evil predictions and mutterings put aside, she decided, in spite of all, to jump the broomstick with this carpet-bagger.



Edward Denton Brewer and Lettie Robertson, his wife. Photo 1921.

*“—decided, in spite of it all, to jump the broomstick with this carpet-bagger.”*



Amid sad leave-takings, she packed her feather tick and extra shoes, and, with the ancestral horse-pistol stuffed in to make sure the marital candidate would "treat our little girl right," she set out over the Old Oregon Trail to meet her heart's desire, on a very "back" backwoods mountain homestead, in the far-away State of Oregon——no, my children, your dates are mixed,——not in a covered wagon——in a Pullman Car!

And so the tie was bound——or the bounder tied,——depending on your viewpoint——and so the honeymoon, now twenty-seven years new, and still in serviceable condition, had its beginning, and, in spite of many and varied stops and starts, promises, well, to end the way the Magistrate said it should.



## CHAPTER XXX

### Conclusion

And so I come to the end,——for of succeeding generations it is for others to write. It was difficult, as you have seen, for me to write of myself and those of you who are about me. Too much is all around me——to much that presses on me as important that is not——and I fall to biography and to writing of things I love and thoughts I have or have had, and forget that these things, so near and dear to me, can but bore you, whose hearts are wrapped in thoughts and things of your own.

It is my fervent hope that this little story has inspired you to love and respect your Ancestors as they, in their honest and simple way, have doggedly clung to what, I feel proud to say, is the American Philosophy and the American Way of Life. I hope you have become proud of them too, since you know what they have done and how little they had to do it with. How these earnest, often unlettered people, with the vision of our Mighty Republic seen dimly through the mists, have built this Nation, stone by stone, clearing by clearing, state by state, without subsidy, relief, planned economy, collective bargaining or communistic dogma. How they braved the wilderness, the swamps and the deserts and blazed the trails, from the shores of the Atlantic to the sands of the Pacific——How they founded the Churches, the Schools and the Colleges——How they built the towns and cities and linked the coasts with iron rails of commerce——all by individual enterprise and in open, Christian competition.

What posterity will write of me and you, I know not, but I care, sincerely and deeply, that it shall be, that, in our struggles, wrong or right, we deviated not from the path these honest forbears set for us and that the world is better and their vision nearer fulfillment because we lived.

THE END



## Bibliography

The sources from which I gleaned material for this work were many and varied. Few, however, were books by other authors, and these were used, mostly, to support findings I had made independently, from wills, deeds, patents, partitions, probates, marriage records, and military and census records. Hennings Statutes, William and Mary Quarterly, Virginia Quarterly Review, "The Levering Family" by Col. John Brewer, "17th Century Isle of Wight Co. Va." by Boddy and "Seldens of Virginia" by Kennedy were among the useful sources. Various genealogical works—the "Compendium of American Genealogy," and others, were of assistance. Doctor Swem assisted me most courteously in the library of the College of William and Mary. Helpful correspondents, all over the United States, supplied me with details and clues to seek further truths. Vague and filmy bits of tradition have inspired me to seek out unassailable facts—and I am forced to admit that this work has made me more respectful of tradition than I ever thought I could be.

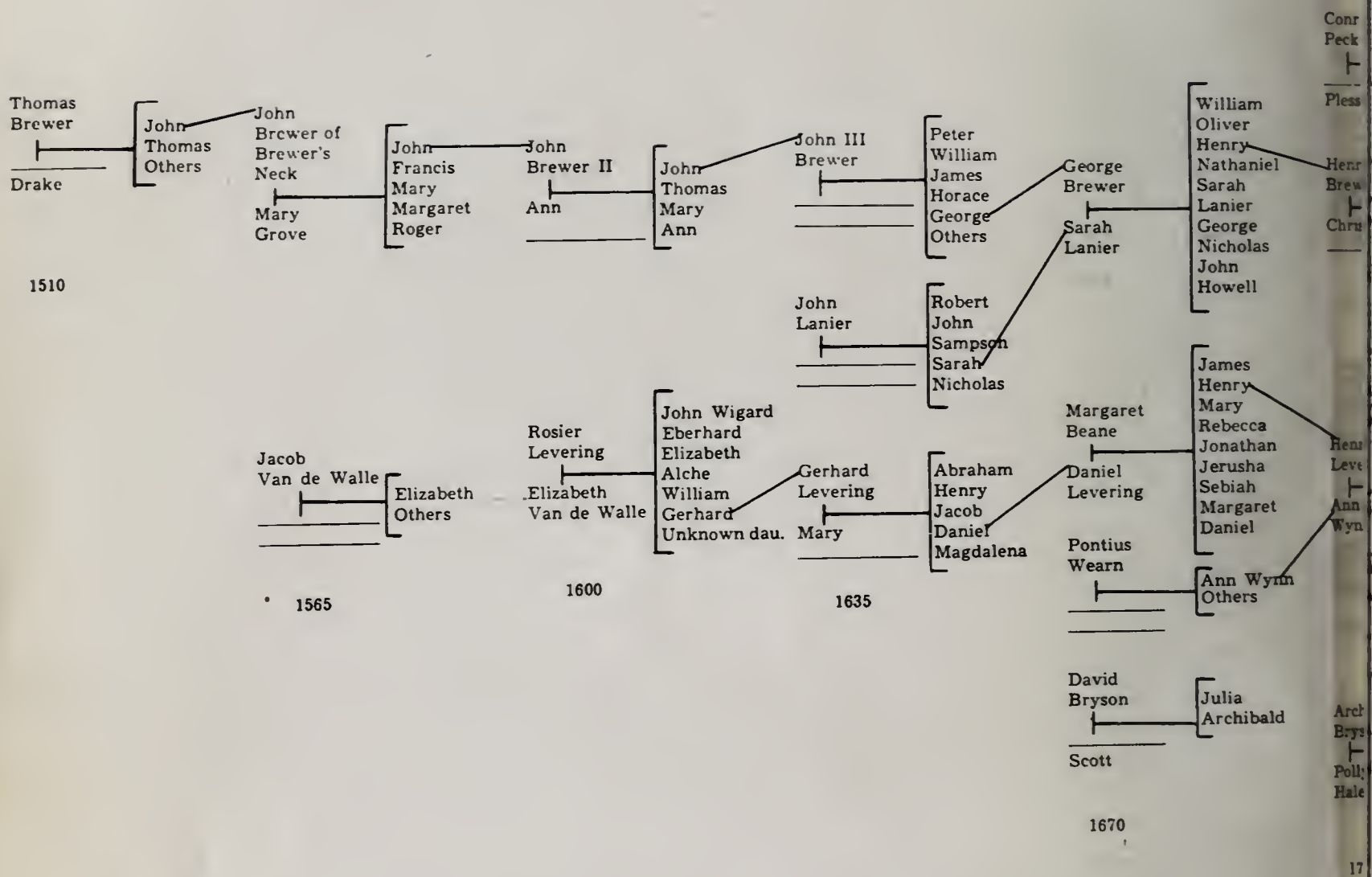
For the deductions I have made from all this material, I make no apology. Perhaps, at times, I have erred. I have tried to avoid founding one deduction on another and, when I did so, I did not conceal it, but left it for your concurrence or rejection. Traces of people, long dead, are often hard to find and the reader may well be thankful that I have been able to bridge all the gaps. Photographs were mostly old, but the results were better than I anticipated. The little drawings at the chapter endings are my own. They are my characterizations of the persons to whom the chapters relate and, crude as they are, I like to think they are expressive and forceful.







GENEALOC



NOTE: In this genealogical table and in this entire book, I have traced only your lineal ancestor. His or her brothers and sisters appear only for the purpose of assisting others who may be descended from these brothers and sisters.

I hope that this table may inspire many of your relatives to trace their ancestries back far enough to connect with some of these branches and that they will communicate to me the results of their researches.

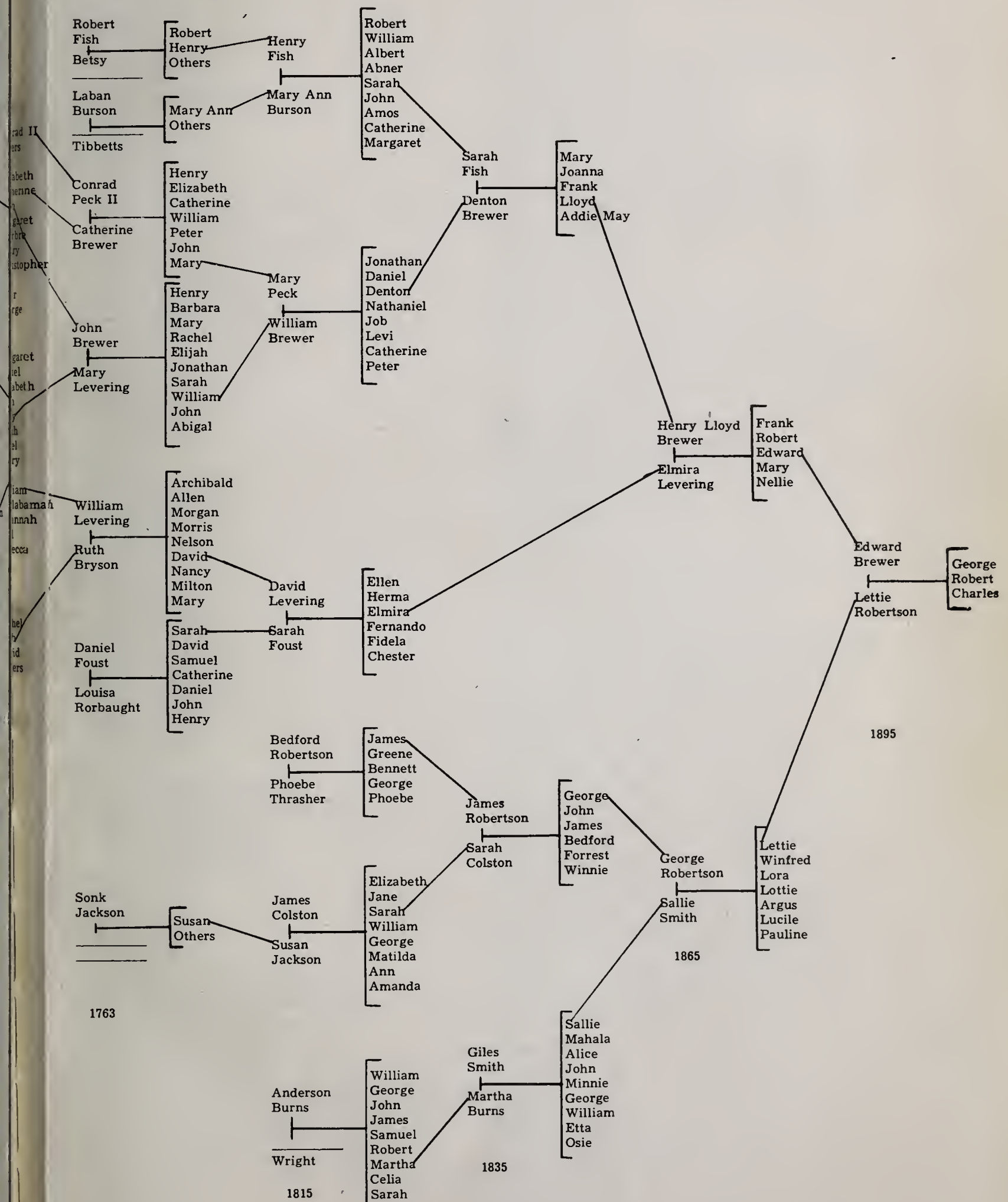
Genealogy is an interesting and absorbing hobby with me and I shall be happy to correspond with all inquirers who remember the admonition that a self-addressed, stamped envelope must be enclosed.

The dates of the generations are only approximate but may help to orient you.

The Author



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